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OUTLOOK AND OUTREACH

A Contributed Page by the American Friends Service Committee

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FAREWELL TACONNERIE—A LITTLE SUMMARY OF RECOLLECTIONS

The first news of Quaker life in the *Palais des Nations* in Geneva comes in a letter from Gilbert MacMaster. He writes: "I spent ten days in the new Hostel. It is a very nice place. They will certainly be able to give the young people who live there better rooms and accommodations than they could get elsewhere. There were a large number of Friends there as well as a good quota of students and we were put up and cared for excellently. The Soltaus were still there to help, and this must have been appreciated by James and Anne Forsythe too."

It was not without affectionate backward glances that Friends moved from their long established quarters in La Taconnerie to the International Center that is their new home. Irene Pickard writes touchingly of the final meeting for worship in the old building and recounts occasions that are unforgettably entwined in the memory of Friends who have shared the spiritual life of the Swiss group. She writes:

"The final Sunday morning meeting was a moving occasion of gratitude for what had been given to us in the past, and aspiration for the future, linked on to thought for the All-Friends Conference about to begin across the water. A Genevese Friend very touchingly gave thanks for the 'little homeland' she found in this place: and our prayer for the future is that in the big new premises, in the midst of the hurly-burly of international life and movement, we may be given grace to offer still a homeland for the spiritually homeless and the seekers: as well as to make a truly Friendly contribution to the life of the International Community."

When one comes to say farewell to an old place with many associations over a period of years, a series of pictures flash through the mind. In thinking over all that has taken place in these old rooms, I am struck by their association with the manifold aspects of daily living. The quiet courtyard and garden in the centre of the "old Town," hidden away from bustling streets and noisy crowds, has yet been invaded with the fruitful activities of men.

Before our day, too, white Russian Refugees camp daily for warmth and friendliness and cups of tea. They were the forerunners of a stream of homeless and nation-less people from many lands, who constitute one of the bitterest and saddest problems of the post-war world. Before our day, Margaret Lester was gathering representatives of international organizations together in the first friendly combination; she was also alive to the student need in the town, and had begun a student club evening periodically on our premises. Before our day the meeting for worship was already being held regularly on Sunday mornings, with Inazo and Mary Nitobe as Elder and Overseer, and Adele Jaquerod as Clerk.

Beginning a series of memories and pictures of the Taconnerie, I must put first of all these Sunday morning meetings for worship, which, so far as I recollect, have never once had to be abandoned during the last eleven years, although in our restless and changing group the numbers have often been very small. For some of us that steady quiet background of regular meeting, combining inward activity and meditation, worship and illumination, and over and over again bringing a small group into the place where they know one another in that which is Eternal, has given the heart and meaning to the stream of outward activity in which we were involved.

Against the background of firelight, and lamplight, sunshine, the cherry tree and the little courtyard, all sorts of events have taken place. New-born babies have been brought to Meeting for the benediction of the Quaker Group here: we shall not easily forget the affectionate words of Dr. Nitobe when Alison Pickard made her first appearance; or the throng of small children who surrounded Penelope Stack on her first appearance, listened to her coos in the silence, which was broken by a benediction from Rufus Jones; or the unexpectedly appropriate tableau of the Holy Family which took place so naturally and informally when Walter Schenkel sat with his parents facing the meeting on Christmas Sunday Morning, and Walter dribbled blissfully throughout the carols!

Three Quaker weddings have been celebrated here, when silence and the flowers were the reverent background to the familiar solemn vows, "Friends, in the fear of the Lord and in the presence of this Assembly, I take this my friend....." And on more than one occasion we have sat together in merciful silence in memory of some dear Friend who had passed from our midst.

Here we have always felt the need for artistic expression in varied forms. Again, our Friend Esther Morton Smith gave the beautiful piano which has given us so much joy on various occasions. We remember the "*Heures de Recueillement*" *avec musique*, held in many and varied forms during these years. One droll occasion leaps to mind, when a German musician descended on us, and offered an evening of Bach. The one hour's music we had planned went on and on; by eleven o'clock the large assembled group was slipping quietly away, but still the music flowed on.

We remember gratefully the joy we all received from the rich, colorful Central European music, poured out by Liba Vokrova, from our Italian Zecchi's violin, from Willi Bachman's cello—and in recent years Madelaine Jequior's generous gift of song, and Henry Compton's English music.

Naturally, social gatherings have been a great feature of our life here. Esther Morton Smith's Saturday afternoon tea parties are still remembered, and these last years have often witnessed evening gatherings of some sixty or seventy people from the International Community.

I have purposely dwelt, in this little summary of recollections, on features of the life in our group not so often dwelt upon in the regular reports; but to make the picture complete we must refer to the regular study groups, changing each year, but which for some years past have carried out definite programs of concentrated study and work on some modern problem which vitally interested our very varied membership. There has been a genuine and earnest search in the pooling of thought and ideas, which again has helped to make these rooms a friendly and uniting place of real meaning to many "friends of the Friends."

And now we must say farewell to the Taconnerie, and all its intimate associations of effort and aspiration, moments of spiritual agony and profound recollections of joy and friendship and communion. We are full of gratitude for the richness of life which has touched us here; and look toward the future life of our group in the new setting with faith and confidence born out of pass experience.

"And the Lord said unto Abraham
'Get thee out of thy country..into the
land which I will show thee.'"

There is no joy in life like the joy of creating: this is part of the image of God appearing in humanity. It may be truly said that light is God's greatest gift to men.

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An Old Word with New Significance

By Alvin T. Coate

A NEW WORD — at least an old word with new significance—has come into the horizon of ordinary Christian people—one likely to become as commonplace as any we use. That new word is ecumenical; until just now I knew that Church conferences were sometimes called ecumenical, but since Oxford and Edinburgh, and now Swarthmore, a whole new content is packed into the word.

The Christian Church, we are told, is an ecumenical body; it is world-wide; it is not national nor inter-national, but super-national. It knows no geography, no boundaries; its concerns are far "Beyond Horizons."

This big word is perhaps but another expression of a big word which John gave us in his Gospel—"Whosoever."

Christianity is ecumenical, not merely geographically, but racially, culturally and otherwise. Both Christianity and the Christian Church are world-wide terms, dating from the first century A. D. Christianity is therefore a much larger word than Protestantism, for it includes those bodies continuously in existence—if tradition may be relied upon—since the days of James, brother of Jesus. It includes the Roman Church, which antedates the Reformation, and all the Christian bodies which sprang up from the Reformation.

The Friends World Conference taught us that the Society of Friends is ecumenical also—factually and visibly. The spiritual children of George Fox are a motley lot; not all their names are in "Who's Who." Strange names and strange faces, funny clothes and unfamiliar accents greeted one everywhere.

It was ecumenical very truly, but in a still broader sense: we gained something of a world viewpoint in religious thought and practice. We became one in unity above our variances—a unity that is above and beyond any mechanics of union: one is spiritual, the other temporal. We got a new concept of unity and of the cooperation that may grow out of it.

Isaac Penington once wrote: "This is the true ground of love and unity, not that a man walk and do just as I do, but because I feel the same spirit and life in him. And this is far more pleasing to me than if he walked just in that track wherein I walk, until he be led thereto by the same spirit that led me."

Commission V, on International Cooperation of Friends, had to do with these world-wide concerns, with helping us to better answer that final query, "Do you make effort to acquaint yourself with the spiritual needs of the world?"

Quakerism is numerically Anglo-Saxon, to the extent of perhaps ninety percent, but it is our members in the younger meetings abroad who are the flaming souls, the surcharged folk, fireflies in the night—those little, hunted groups in Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and now Japan. Or, take Holland, with its nineteen members. They, somehow, started in 1934 a Friends co-educational secondary school at Ommen for the children of political exiles from Fascist and Communist countries—children who can never go back home, who must be taught at least two foreign languages, taught new ways, new skills and new ideals. Three years old—this school created by sheer faith and daring of nineteen members, but it is now in magnificent buildings, with a large enrollment and paying as it goes.

Those heroic fellow-Quakers are trying to prevent a little the onward sweep of subversive governments, the too easy victory of Paganism over a moribund Christianity. To me one of the most disturbing phenomena of Christianity in America is our partisanship as to these destructive political systems. Some of us are passionately against Communism—all of us should be against it—others fear only Fascism and Nazi-ism. All these and all their kin are inventions of the devil and lead at last to the same madhouse. These and Christianity are mutually exclusive; one or the other will survive. Fortunately, no such partisanship was in evidence at Swarthmore.

Reverting now to the new word, ecumenical, in its relation to the world-wide development in Christendom in its earnest efforts for unity, I should make clear to my readers the direction this movement is taking and its impact on world Quakerism.

Since the Conference at Lausanne ten years prior to Edinburgh and Oxford, it is becoming more and more evident that any effective unity among the sacramental churches is by the road of elimination and discard: elimination of dogma very dear and central; discard or amendment of sacrament and ritual which have continued for centuries without the waiver of a comma or genuflection. This trend toward elimination is not primarily one of repudiation. As old leaves pushed aside by new growth, so elimination comes, because organized Christianity has accumulated dogma and ritual at the expense of Apostolic fervor and at the cost of individual courage.

The recent conference at Oxford on life and work, and at Edinburgh on faith and order, definitely validated this movement and gave it great emphasis and impetus. When vestments, sacraments, ritual and ordinances are placed among the relics of an inadequate and divisive Christianity, or relegated to subordinate and optional status, the Christian Church will have risen to something of the level of Apostolic Christianity. There is manifest a mighty

impulse—a concerted movement—to lift up Jesus Christ as the world's Saviour.

What is of peculiar significance to us is that this movement brings world Christianity constantly closer to the traditional Quaker position. It is not a far-fetched conclusion to anticipate that in the not too distant future there may be a great reunion of the earth's Christian forces at our very door. Both Oxford and Edinburgh convince me that it is thus written in the stars and that we must understand this and create a program for this if we are to continue helpful in this cosmic event.

I think the most intense moment of the Swarthmore Conference was when the Hirakawas of Japan came face to face with Dr. Du of China, both eminent educators and both exemplary Quakers of the Orient. The two men simply continued to grasp hands, unable to speak, but Madame Hirakawa wept openly and fled the scene. Perhaps that incident may illustrate the business of international cooperation of Friends.

The entire Conference will be permanently recorded for our further consideration, but it is my judgment that it marked the beginning of the end of a spiritually divided Society of Friends, the beginning of the end of township-minded local meetings—the beginning of what our good Friend, Herbert G. Wood, so well describes as "a saving faith in a saving God."

A Quaker Discovery

By D. Elton Trueblood

This address was delivered at the World Conference of Friends at the Sunday evening Mass Meeting held in the Swarthmore College Field House on September 5. D. Elton Trueblood is Chaplain of Stanford University and Editor of the Philadelphia Friend.

IT IS a common tendency in the world for men to simplify what they do not know, and thus to pigeon-hole systems of thought by the use of neat catch-phrases. Such a simplification takes place when people define the Quaker message in terms of the "inner light." It is true that the teaching about the Light was characteristic of Friends at the beginning and has been central in all succeeding generations, but the terms as popularly used are vague and ambiguous in the extreme.

The literature of mid-seventeenth century Friends is full of evidence concerning the peculiar power of the message of the Light. A familiar instance is Margaret Fell's account of the effect upon her own mind when George Fox and a few companions first came to Swarthmore Hall in 1652.

The crowning moment of the visit came when Fox stood up on a bench in the local church and spoke directly to the people. He told them of the necessity of inner experience rather than ceremonial and showed how Christ is the Light of the world, lighting every man who comes into the world. He explained that it is not sufficient to know what was revealed long ago, for we must also be here and now in the spirit which made the Scriptures what they were. Fox made his message personal and direct, asking pointedly, "Art thou a child of Light, and hast walked in the Light, and what thou speakest is it inwardly from God?" The good mistress of Swarthmore Hall could hear no more though Fox continued to speak. "This opened me so that it cut me to the heart, and then I saw clearly we were all wrong. So I sat me down in my pew again and cried bitterly."

I.

It is hard for us to see today why this message was so piercing, but piercing it surely was. The figure of speech about light seems to have been entirely congenial to the minds of most early Friends, and the first name of any Quaker group was "Children of the Light." There can be little doubt that the central doctrine of Friends in each generation has been that of the Universal and Saving Light of Christ, which may be known in the secret of each heart.

But when this is known and admitted the central doctrine may still be fundamentally unknown because of its profound ambiguity. The statement of our fundamental doctrine in terms of a figure of speech drawn from a radically different realm of experience adds to the poetry, but detracts from the precision of our position. The same language about light might be used by those who differ widely in their fundamental ideas concerning God and man and has, indeed, been so used. Interpretations have ranged all the way from that of Barclay, on the one hand, with his emphasis on the conviction that, though the light is *in* us, it is not *of* us, to that of mere humanists, on the other, who use gladly the language about the Light, meaning the light of nature or of reason.

In this, as in so many theological questions, we do well to mistrust the extremists on both sides. The extreme Barclayan position skirts very close to the Calvinist heresy with all its attendant dangers. The extreme humanist position, stressing the glory of man apart from a sense of dependence upon God, is bound to become sentimental, obscures the fact of sin, and has demonstrated its inability to provide the basis for a powerful inner life. Though George Fox was no philosopher, it is clear that his own robust message avoided both of these extremes, steering clear of the sentimentalism of optimism about man's nature and the equal sentimentalism of pessimism.

We speak of the *doctrine* of the Light, but it was a doctrine only in a peculiar sense. The intention was not to enunciate a theory, but to point to a fact of experience. Their one doctrine carried men beyond doctrine, for Friends began with an emphasis on the centrality of experience in the Christian life. George Fox considered that alleged Christians were largely concerned with the establishment of "notions," which we might call intellectual formulations, and that they did not proceed to genuine knowledge of God's power and leading in the sense of immediate acquaintance. He and His followers never tired of maintaining the possibility of direct fellowship with God and direct teaching by Christ. God was known as near at hand, Christ was come to lead His people, and His will might be intimately perceived. Quakerism belonged and has continued to belong to the tradition of spiritual empiricism.

Around the centrality of experience all Quaker life was organized. To defend its possibility Friends engaged in controversy, to facilitate its reality they established meetings for worship and discipline, to attest its genuineness they wrote Journals which were, indeed, records of spirit-

ual experience. The active life of modifying the forms of civilization came as a result of the vitalizing experience.

Though it is thus true to say that Quakerism belongs to the tradition of spiritual empiricism, this is by no means a sufficient explanation of the Quaker message. The emphasis on the reality and necessity of inner experience has been made many times and is certainly not a peculiar possession of Friends. If this had been all that Friends had to say the Quaker Movement would have made a stir in the seventeenth century and then have subsided, but we may say in all humility that it has continued as a powerful spiritual force.

It is hard to believe that the sum and substance of the Quaker message has been a mere iteration of the ancient theme concerning the possibility of knowing God as a person is known. The definition of Quakerism as "Spiritual empiricism" is true, but not sufficient or adequate. All kinds of sects in the seventeenth century affirmed the reality of direct divine illumination, but almost all of these perished in a few years, whereas Quakerism continued to appeal to powerful minds. In this regard the relationship between Friends and Muggletonians is instructive. Many of the Muggletonian phrases were like Quaker phrases, but Muggleton is now only a name. The emphasis on divine illumination is known historically as "enthusiasm," and the lesson of history is that mere enthusiasm is not sufficient for enduring appeal.

II.

As we investigate the question of the precise nature of the Quaker message we may be helped by a closer scrutiny of what is entailed in the use of the figure of light. The fact that men have used spontaneously the figure for so many centuries and in so many traditions is an instructive one, suggesting that there is a peculiar appropriateness about it. A concordance of the Bible shows an enormous use of the figure, with almost as much use in one testament as the other.

The problem of the nature of physical light is still unsolved in spite of the centuries of effort of physical scientists to understand it. Even at this day physicists are divided over the question whether light is fundamentally corpuscular or undulatory. But though we differ on what it is we have been remarkably successful in creating conditions under which it appears.

Some of the greatest strides in this regard have been made in the last few years or even months. Many experiments have been made with various mediums with the result that we often get light in surprising ways. The tendency now is to use for a medium, not wires, as in the old electric bulbs, but some kind of gas. We are all familiar with the Neon lights used so much for commercial advertising and now we have sodium as the element. But the most amazing invention so far is in the use of mercury. The mercury vapor lamp has been known for many years, the chief fact being that mercury, when heated by electrodes, is vaporized and gives off light. Now, however, a careful scientific worker, Cornelius Bol, has perfected a means of using mercury vapor in such a manner as to produce almost incredible brilliance. He uses a tiny capillary tube made of quartz, having an interior chamber about the size of an average sewing needle. This tiny cavity is a practical vacuum, except for a bit of mercury roughly the size of a rain drop. When electric power is applied this particle of mercury spreads throughout the tiny cylinder, and because the enclosed space is so small, makes the terrific pressure of thirteen or fourteen atmospheres. This highly intense medium gives off light that is actually more brilliant than sunlight, with about 500,000 candlepower, and equal to several hundred ordinary incandescent bulbs, though the whole tube is hardly any larger than a safety match. Around the tube is placed a somewhat larger glass tube for the circulation of water which takes off excess heat.

The inventor of this remarkable instrument, who has emigrated to America because he has six young sons and fears European conscription, has succeeded largely because of two factors, if we may rely on his own analysis of the situation. In the first place, he has discovered a way of producing high intensity of medium without danger, and, in the second place, he has discovered a means of carrying off the excess energy that he cannot use for light. The high intensity without danger is secured by using quartz and making the inner cylinder very small. So long as men tried to make lamps big the highest brilliance eluded them. The circulating water chamber is the basis of the second discovery. It will be noted that all these materials are common and extremely simple, but the result is amazing.

III.

As we turn from the consideration of physical light to its spiritual counterpart the parallelism is most striking. In the one as in the other, men are uncertain about the ultimate nature of the Light, but they have made advances in the production of conditions under which it appears. The chief discovery of the Quaker Movement was a practical discovery concerning the way or ways in which men's souls may be illuminated.

It must be said that theoretically the early Friends were not markedly successful. They were far more truly "Children of the Light" than "Philosophers of the Light." They did not succeed, for the most part, in showing the relationship between the light in man and the historic Christ. In general their language was confused, vague, equivocal, instead of precise and philosophical. But the contribution of early Friends was that of practical religious genius. They discovered one of the ways in which a strong light is produced. It is a known fact of history that they became sensitive in their consciences far ahead of their day, as William James and many other non-Friends have agreed.

Consequently our interest now may well be in a re-statement of this major practical discovery. Like many others, it is simple and involves common elements. Bol's invention uses common quartz, common mercury and common water. The Quaker discovery used silence and a sense of group life, but the combination was efficacious.

The truth is that Friends not only affirmed the reality and centrality of spiritual experience, but worked out a means for the actualization of the experience. Not only did they stress inner illumination, but, what is far more important, they developed a special set of conditions under which the illumination becomes a fact.

When we assert the universal possibility of Christian knowledge (understood in terms of acquaintance) we do not mean that there are no conditions which must be fulfilled before the knowledge takes place. As a matter of fact we have to meet conditions in order to have knowledge in *any* field. The truths of science are not open to anyone in *any* condition, but only to those who take the trouble to discipline their sight and refine their sensibilities in a special manner. A pre-requisite of scientific knowledge is, ordinarily, careful attention to scientific method. In the same way æsthetic knowledge is not open to those who do not take the trouble to listen or see in the properly receptive mood. We often go to a concert and realize that a neighbor is receiving delicate messages from the artists which we do not receive, because we have not the proper conditions of reception.

It is only reasonable, therefore, to expect that our knowledge of God also depends on certain subjective conditions. If we do not hear His voice it may be that we have not disciplined our spiritual ears, and if there does not appear a Light within our souls it is probably because the medium is inadequate or defective.

Now the early Friends discovered or invented a *medium* of illumination which has, in the spiritual realm, conditions like those of the mercury arc in the physical realm. The secret of illumination and energy was found in small companies who would wait expectantly, as groups, for the revelation of God's will. As in the case of the capillary tube, the very smallness of the ordinary unit was a contributing factor of importance. Men have long known how to be still and they have known how to meet together, but the Quaker discovery combined these two practices in a simple workable way. The group was a reality, not merely a collection of individuals, and the group was accepted as the basis of authority. The search for group guidance increased the inner intensity of spiritual consciousness.

It is clear that men need to be still if they are to know God, and this the saints have said repeatedly. The ordinary trouble is that we talk too much, move about too much, worry and fret too much. In all these ways we set up barriers. We take the barriers down when we become still in body and still in mind. If to this quietness we can add high spiritual tension or pressure, we have the ideal setting for revelation. In other words the figure of the mercury vapor, perfectly still so far as the eye can see, without any wheels moving and without noise, yet with so high a pressure that the most brilliant light is given off, is perhaps our best explanation of what truly happens in an ideal Friends' meeting.

Though outwardly a silent worshipper may seem so quiet, it is often true that insight comes with miraculous speed. Sermons can come to mind in such a setting that could hardly be composed in a study in several hours. It was one of the real contributions of the late John William Graham that he pointed this out and convinced some of us that he was describing what was normal rather than peculiar. The meeting for worship, he said, is the workshop of the ministry. In a flash one idea organizes others around it, including a bit of poetry learned long ago, an illustrative experience, an apt quotation. These were only fragments before, widely separated, but in the quiet intensity of worship they assume new and meaningful unity.

Though worship involves repose, it is often the repose of victory rather than the repose of sleep or of dullness. Before the repose there is often mental alertness, leading to mental struggle, and evenuating in mental peace.

What happens normally in a quiet meeting for worship is very similar to what many poets and other literary men report. They have an hour of tranquility, to use Wordsworth's almost hackneyed term, but it is *intense tranquility*. John Livingston Lowes has shown us the process by which, in the experience of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the scattered fragments of experience assumed a new and miraculous shape.

The mere quietness might bring stagnation and the mere intensity might make an explosion as often happens in those who stress an emotional revivalism, sometimes with attendant moral disaster, but the two together provide a medium which, like the mercury, gives light without danger. Sometimes the quietness in Quakerism has been lacking and then it has gone off into wild and eccentric enthusiasm or perfectionism, but that is when the original discovery has been forgotten.

It must be admitted that this interpretation of what happens in worship is not the interpretation always given and not that of many of the early Friends. Some of these, including Robert Barclay in some phases of his work, wrote with the idea that true worship entailed silence even in the sense of rejection of our own thoughts. Real worshippers were "to retire inwardly," in this retirement "not being only silent as to words, but even abstaining from their own thoughts, imaginations and desires."

But as so often happens, the practice of the early Friends was superior to their theory. The abundant accounts of what happened in periods of worship show that these times of creative thought as well as springs of future action. And introspection today tends to buttress this interpretation.

It is true to say that the primary discovery of Friends was that of *inner intensity*, and it is always true that the greatest intensity comes with freedom from mere activity. Friends were still because they found quite naturally that the highest inner pressure comes when we are still. If this is true, then the equation of Quakerism with ordinary quietism is one of the most profound mistakes that could be made.

The second qualification of our medium is that it, like the mercury arc, provides a way of channelling off the extra energy unused in illumination. From the first, Friends have seen that new light is not a sufficient resting place, but that it must eventuate in new action. Thus the most mystical of modern religious movements has also been responsible for pioneering work in the change of social, industrial and political life. The attacks on human slavery and on war have been, not additions to the Quaker faith, but central to it. As William Penn said long ago, the special testimonies arise "as the fingers shoot out of the hand, and the branches from the body of the tree." The special testimonies, dealing with actual problems in the actual world, have kept Friends from luxuriating in mere special enjoyment. Friends have felt that the meeting for worship is not an end, but is a means of new energizing so that the work of the world can be better accomplished. There has always been in religion a subtle danger of self-indulgence in spiritual experience, but the Quaker message from the first forestalled this danger. The mysticism was practical mysticism.

There are surely discoveries in spiritual matters and many generations often look back to a creative period. The discoveries of Edison still influence millions, and the same should be true of spiritual discoveries. When we stress the importance of the Quaker discovery we do not imply that it is more important than any other, for it is not, but we do mean that it *is* important and that it should be made available to all men.

We are not concerned with making men call themselves members of the Quaker Movement, but we are concerned that they should know the glory and wonder of the inner illumination which comes from God when a loving group settles into a mood that is really intense and intense because it is quiet. We want to let men know of the heightening of experience which this makes possible. And we also want to warn them of the paramount necessity of attention to what surrounds this capillary tube, so that their vision of God connects practically with this workaday world. The spiritual message of the Society of Friends is the message of this two-fold discovery.

The spiritual message of the Society of Friends is the message of the Light of Christ in each human heart, not, however, as a doctrine of God or of man, but as a teaching of one of the tested ways in which the divine light may be most powerfully and brilliantly released in our common world of men.

BACK TO GENEVA FROM SWARTHMORE

Bertram Pickard Returning from World Conference Tells of League Assembly

It was strange to return from the almost tropical heat of a Pennsylvania early September, to encounter one of the wettest and coldest League Assemblies on record. The contrast, moreover, was not only climatic. Nothing could have been more enheartening than the warmth of the fellowship pervading the World Conference of Friends; few things more discouraging than that lack of effective international cooperation which leaves one, here in Geneva, with a chilling sense of frustration.

And yet, despite the gloom of physical and political horizons there have been, during the past week, two events which for those at least who know the Geneva scene well, have brought a glow of satisfaction, and kindled hopeful imagination. I refer to the opening of the League's new Assembly Hall on the evening of September 25, and the inauguration, two days later, of the Geneva International Centre at the Palais Wilson, as the former League of Nations Secretariat is now popularly styled.

Under normal circumstances, the opening of the Assembly Hall would have been accompanied by the blare of diplomatic trumpets and the beating of bureaucratic drums. Drums and trumpets were present, it is true, but happily in a quite different setting, more appropriate to the League's dubious status in the world to-day.

On Saturday evening, September 25, the Aga Khan (as President of the Assembly) gave a large reception which opened with an orchestral program in the new Assembly Hall. Still not completely finished, the great room, with its strong, simple lines and colour scheme of blue and gold and browns, presented a harmonious and animated spectacle as two thousand five hundred guests filled it to overflowing.

As the strains of Beethoven's "Zur Weihe des Hauses" (which might be translated "Prayer for a new house") rose and fell, we realized that this great gathering was not just any gathering in any place, but a company of men and women from nearly all the nations and races of the world, meeting in a house dedicated to the service of a potential society of nations. How far off is the reality of a world community was only too plainly revealed at the first session held in the new Hall three days later, by the gaps in the ranks of League membership, and by the Resolution passed in condemnation of Japanese bombing of the civilian population in China.

The inaugural ceremony at the Palais Wilson was, by contrast, a very modest affair, and yet was impressive in its own way. Despite the short notice with which it had been called and the multiplicity of other meetings, some four hundred people attended, widely representative not only of the private organizations, but also of local and international officialdom.

Monsieur Guillaume Fatio, the presiding genius of the Palais Wilson, acted as master of ceremonies. Professor Rappard, member of the Swiss Delegation to the Assembly, read a message from Monsieur Motta (President of the Swiss Confederation) which was followed by a speech from the member of the Geneva Government specially responsible for the management of the building.

Both message and speech reflected a real understanding on the part of the proprietors of the importance of preserving the Cradle of the League, and the appropriateness of the old *Palais des Nations* being used as an International Centre for private organisations, the *raison d'etre* of which was the preservation and fostering of fundamental League ideals.

Mr. Phelan (President of the Federation of Private International Organisations) then expressed warm appreciation of the good will and understanding shown by the authorities (local and federal) in furthering the present development; and urged that this building, where so many of the great departed had laboured (he referred to Briand, Nansen, Branting and Albert Thomas amongst others) should become a living tribute to their memory, as well as a symbol of loyalty to those things for which they had stood.

Admirable messages in the same sense were read, in conclusion, from the Secretary-General of the League and the Director of the International Labour Office.

The inaugural ceremony was followed by a visit to the various parts of the building where some thirty organisations are already installed. A large number of people found their way up to the fourth floor where the Friends Centre and Student Hostel came in for their fair share of admiration.

BERTRAM PICKARD.

September 30, 1937.

THE SECOND MILE

The glory of the second mile
Is what appeals to those who think—
Becomes the challenge most worth while;
The glory of the second mile,
Attaining, helps to reconcile,
Till love becomes the uniting link;
The glory of the second mile
Is what appeals to those who think!

J. R. W.

CONFERENCES WITH A COMMON PURPOSE

F. O. R. Conference Is Appraised in Comparison With World Conference of Friends

Closely following the Friends World Conference came the twenty-second annual Conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The former held its meetings amid the sumptuousness of the liberally endowed colleges of Swarthmore and Haverford, and the latter amid the relatively crude but wholesome accomodations of the well-equipped camp called "Northover" in the Watchung hills near Bound Brook, New Jersey.

One was attended by one thousand delegates plus many visitors; the other by one hundred and eighty-five concerned individuals who came on their own initiative. Both gathered their constituency from far and near, over many countries, and represented diversity in religious and social expression. As they were seeking practically the same ends, the personnel overlapped somewhat.

The Friends belong to the "ancient and honorable" with centuries of history, while the F. O. R. is of recent origin and a less "respectable" following. Both, however, came into existence at a time of profound spiritual struggle and of great human need. Friends outnumber the Fellowship perhaps ten to one, but, having much in common, are mutually helpful.

Some Friends lack the enthusiasm of a new movement and the daring of those who have caught a new vision, or a fresh discovery of an old vision. They are cautious, conservative, careful about consistency, whereas the F. O. R. is more eager to be "up and doing with a heart for any fate."

At the Friends Conference we had a large group very well organized for action and working harmoniously like a great machine, but working for the most part over its own product. Undoubtedly there is great possibility of improvement in that product, all too rare and greatly needed, but too often lacking the activity and self-assertion of a living organism.

At the Fellowship Conference there was something of the fascination of watching a fair creature trying to free itself and others from the shackles that hamper its liberty; there was something of that which touches the heart when one perceives the frustration of the hopes of mankind by the encircling threads of ignorance and iniquity that hold it fast.

At the Friends Conference, thanks to the weather, there was a wholesome disregard, for the time being, of coats and collars when commonsense would discard them. There was also a fine spirit of fraternity, a comingling of races and

graces and ideas, a demonstration of the possibility of people "disagreeing without being disagreeable." This was equally noticeable at Northover where barriers of class and clan and color were swept aside, for the time at least, as "radical," "religionist" and "red" made common cause in "labor's struggle" for fuller recognition in the affairs of men. There was no wrangling, no apparent bitterness, no fiery self-assertion. At both conferences the same seriousness and sobriety of speech and manner prevailed, enlivened at times by saving humor that set every one to laughing.

Both conferences were strenuous to the point of exhaustion, but the F. O. R. seemed to be more accustomed to "toiling upward through the night." There was a much larger percentage of young people, conspicuous among them being an exceptionally talented colored man, a leader in the Student Christian Movement. Both groups regard spiritual values as supreme and devote frequent periods of time to communion and prayer in a collective capacity. Every meal was prefaced by formal thankfulness which was vital in the hearts of many.

Friends spend a great deal of time and energy in teaching the importance of Divine Guidance and of a sound philosophy of life. Such effort is by no means useless, but there is another way of discovering the same need. Many members of the F. O. R. have found it by setting themselves seriously to following their common, ordinary convictions and thus coming inevitably to a consciousness of their own insufficiency. "Then is the hour of acceptable worship; then the petition of the soul is prayer."

We are beset with dangers from many sources. One is the danger of letting our lives drift aimlessly while we search for philosophical truth and mystical guidance. Another is the danger of running into cynicism by entering into uninspired activity. The mystical leadership that we need is often so normal and natural an urge that we fail to recognize it as divine. To all who open their lives to the higher impulses of their being there will come the discovery of those fundamental needs of the soul that can come only through that Spirit that was and forever is in Jesus Christ. In the resources of this Spirit alone is there hope for the world and for them who are in it, individually and collectively.

This blessed discovery is going on both in the Society of Friends and in the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Both are needed. The Fellowship reaches out to an even wider and more diverse following in every land and it should have the sympathy and encouragement of every Christian communion.

BENJAMIN F. WHITSON.

Moylan, Pennsylvania.

GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR MAKES REPORT

Pres. Comfort Gives Observations and Counsel Regarding Our Work in France

The good will lecture tour in France last Spring by President W. W. Comfort of Haverford College has been summed up in an admirable report for the guidance of the American Friends Service Committee in the future conduct of the Quaker Center in Paris. Space does not permit printing here the full and valuable advice given by Dr. Comfort. None the less, Friends will be interested in his analysis of French Quakerism and in his confidence that there has been started by English and American Friends in France, a spiritual work of lasting significance.

"Certain difficulties and requirements of Quaker propaganda in France must be mentioned at the outset. The actuality of the military requirements block the membership of young men in a way of which we know nothing. If this difficulty were removed, many more of the French youth would be reached. Another thing to be considered is that historically in France nearly every group of any kind tends to take on a political color and to make some sort of pronouncement of its social or political affiliation. This of course is contrary to Quaker practice. Strange to say, Quakerism is likely to find more actual adherents among those of Catholic than of Protestant background: the latter need only to practice what they preach to satisfy the most exacting. But for the ex-Catholic the liberty of worship and the practical way of life offer an acceptable contrast to the ritual and the reactionary social tendencies of the historic Church. One who has once been a devout Catholic already has a profound capacity for concentrated meditation and understands perfectly what Quaker worship attempts to accomplish. We encounter not a few individuals of fine personal life who said openly that they would be Quakers if it were not for some personal attachment which seems to make it unwise at their age to change—that they recognized the Quaker way of life as the highest and most sincere of any.

"Finally, as bearing on future membership in France Yearly Meeting, is the high standard set for admission. There is a kind of primitive zeal for the purity and beauty of a newly-discovered spiritual fraternity which is very impressive. France Yearly Meeting will not imprudently seek to swell its ranks. However, it should at once be added that apart from actual membership, Friends in France are more generous and cordial to the many who are on the fringe. They accord all privileges of worship, social affiliation and even discussion of secular topics to friends of the Friends, of whom the number is growing and from whom the Society will eventually be further recruited. They rightly believe that where one member of a family is a consistent Friend, the other will likely join in time without pressure. This has already happened in several cases.

"The historical Quaker service in France is quite generally known, and at Montpellier the Protestant students broke out in spontaneous applause when reference was made to our work at Chalons and Sermaize. The authorities who introduced the speaker always referred with intelligence and appreciation to the historic services of the Quakers and to their fundamental social testimonies.

"A few words should be said about France Yearly Meeting which few of our Friends have had an adequate opportunity to observe. It is a totally independent organization, and it is vitally important that it remain so. It works in close harmony among its members who are largely located in Paris, with corresponding members in several provincial cities. It has as yet no orders of ministers, elders or overseers; it does not observe birthright membership; it is engaged in developing its own discipline. It has monthly and quarterly meetings, and holds meetings for worship on First days at ten and on Fifth days at six. From ten to thirty persons are present, in whom a marked capacity for reverent and devout meditation is broken only by deeply moving and spiritual exercises. Prayer is frequent and is natural to French Friends with their background. After a living silence of some length, numerous brief exercises are uttered either standing or sitting by those who are present in double rows around a hollow square. These meetings in Paris are held at the Quaker Centre, 12 rue Guy de la Brosse.

"We saw much of Mahlon and Vivian Harvey. They are splendid young Americans, strong, energetic, and generous hosts. Their spirit of welcome and cooperation pervades the Quaker Center. We have seen it under many circumstances.

"A successor for the Harveys must arouse serious thought. In addition to other evident requirements, it is essential for the position that one be young, socially gifted, and possess a first-class knowledge of French. Some private means and sympathy for the

(Continued on page 471)

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The Individual Christian and the State

BY T. EDMUND HARVEY, M. P.

This address was delivered at the first of the three Mass Meetings held in the Swarthmore College Field House during the World Conference of Friends. We plan in a succeeding issue to publish the address given on the same subject on that occasion by Henry J. Cadbury.

AS I came across the Atlantic I was privileged to travel with delegates who had been attending the ecumenical conferences at Oxford and Edinburgh. One of them spoke of the changed atmosphere that he noted in the Conference at Oxford as he compared it with his memories of the First World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910. Then, everyone was full of hope; the watchword was "Evangelization of the world in this generation." There were many there who believed that there would never be another war—and today, they were facing a hostile world. They were facing the challenge in many lands of the totalitarian State. They were facing the hideous menace of war. And they had no certain reply, in many cases, to give the questions that filled their minds.

But they at least felt united in the thought that loyalty to the kingdom of God must come first. And we tonight, as members of the Society of Friends, want to put ourselves alongside of our fellow Christians in this hour of need and difficulty in many lands and pray for ourselves, for our fellow-members, for our fellow-Christians the world over that we may put first and foremost in our loyalities, our loyalty to the kingdom of God.

We have our own Quaker contribution to make to this great world fellowship. We have learned through our faith in the Inner Light, through our faith in the Divine Element, that there is in every human life that human personality which is sacred everywhere without regard to race or color, or social distinction or economic difference. We have to carry our thought of this into our own conception of what the kingdom of God must mean—the kingdom that is international, that knows no distinction of race or color, of class or economic privilege. We have learned in this way to know something of a new way of life, of a special way of worship.

We have, too, in our Quaker history a lesson for our own lives of the meaning of Christian citizenship. You can see there a two-fold strand constantly interwoven: one, respect for the State as representing authority in the community; and the other, desire to serve the community through the State and in other ways, but along with that, the desire above all to serve the kingdom of God. This means that we must be willing when loyalty to the kingdom of God demands it to refuse the demands of the State and show the highest loyalty to the State and the best citizenship by refusing demands that are wrong, because it is only in that way that the conscience of our fellow citizens can be reached, and in the end a better law come into being.

It was by persistent, gentle, peaceful refusal to do what they believed to be wrong that the Quakers in the seventeenth century in England were able to bring about the change of public opinion which resulted in the enactment of general religious toleration, and by their willingness to suffer quietly and patiently, protesting against, but not resisting the cruel punishments that were inflicted by the State for their refusal to take judicial oaths, that in the end they won from a hostile Parliament an act which made affirmation legal in place of the oath. It was the appeal to the conscience of their fellow citizens by the spirit of their lives rather than argument that won that victory.

There was a positive contribution that was made from the very first; the very earliest of the advices that were given to the newly-formed Society of Friends by the group of ministers and elders who met in the days of Oliver Cromwell at Balby in Yorkshire, urged their fellow members if they were offered the opportunity of serving the Commonwealth by holding office and they could rightly do so, to take that occasion to serve their fellow citizens. William Penn threw himself heartily into the election campaign of his friend, Algernon Sidney, taking active part in public speeches in the election, doing in that way his duty as a citizen, a little before he set out to found the new Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. That great "holy experiment" was, itself, an example of Penn's conception of what Christian citizenship meant—a positive thing, an active contribution to the welfare of the community. One of his great and memorable sayings was that it should be a part of a man's religion to see that his country is well governed.

Then we think of the Quaker governor of North Carolina, John Archdale. We think of the long series of Quaker governors in Rhode Island; the Quaker legislatures in Pennsylvania and in New Jersey; and in England during all that time the

The Unforgetting

Long, long ago we heard the war-drums call,
And watched as youth paraded on the plain;
For you marched there, and there we saw you fall;
All these dark years my heart has worn the stain.

And now from every hillside signals burn,
While caissons trample beauty in the dust;
This is the dreadful day of war's return—
Once more my heart must face that fatal thrust.

Once more the bugles call, the war-drums beat
Their mad tattoo across the plains below;
There is a surge of eager youthful feet—
How can we bear to stay and see them go!

Once more they ask that we, the mothers, give
Our very hearts that ravening war may live.

EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES.

Richmond, Indiana.

law allowed no person who was not a member of the Church of England to serve in Parliament or to serve on any municipal body. Quakers were prevented from sharing in those services of citizenship by law, but even then, on more than one occasion, the Society of Friends petitioned Parliament on some great human question as they did in the case of slavery and as they did in appealing against the cruel laws which inflicted capital punishment for hundreds of offenses.

Then came the time in the nineteenth century when the doors of citizenship were opened to all men regardless of creed, and we can think of Joseph Sturge standing for Parliament as a Christian Chartist, although he didn't get elected; and we can think of John Bright who served for years as a member of the House of Commons, helping to repeal the corn laws, to extend the democratic constitution and to plead the cause of peace.

There were never many Quakers in Parliament and yet there has always been place for this kind of Quaker citizenship. It isn't numbers that tell; it is something deeper than that.

Twenty-one years ago it fell to my lot during the war to rise in the House of Commons and move an amendment to the Military Service Act which was being passed by the Government, to provide for the possibility of exemption on grounds of conscience to those who, on grounds of conscience, could not serve in the military forces. More than nine-tenths of the House of Commons disagreed with me strongly, but they listened to me and the Government said that they would accept my amendment, although they put it into a different, and I think less satisfactory, form. And, although it was very imperfectly carried out, they did make this provision, and a State in the midst of a great war recognized the right of conscience, at any rate in principle, for its individual citizens. It wasn't any plea of argument, I believe, nor certainly any plea of eloquence, that influenced them, but there was the witness of thousands of lives through generations—simple, quiet, Quaker Christian lives—and it was the knowledge of that and the knowledge of all that they meant that more than anything else, I believe, induced the Government and the House of Commons to give that recognition to the claims of conscience.

It is the place of the Christian citizen, whether in legislatures or in municipal bodies, to try and appeal to the best in all men, to the best in his colleagues, not only in his own party, but in other parties, and in that way he may sometimes be able to bring about an agreement which would otherwise never have been achieved.

We have learned in our Quaker community to reach decisions without a vote, and by no tyranny of a majority over a minority, but by reaching some common ground which neither group, perhaps, had been able to see before. That, too, is a contribution that we ought to help to bring into the wider citizenship of the municipality and of the State.

It isn't easy to be faithful and loyal to the kingdom of God while we are working alongside of men and women who do not in some cases share our allegiance. All the while there is the danger of compromise, and sometimes our members and other Christians have said: "Keep apart from this; leave it to the world. It is not the way of the kingdom of God." I believe that is a profound mistake. We have not to give up the work of the world as something which is to be relegated to the kingdom of the devil. We have to claim it all, the whole of life, for the kingdom of God. The dangers, it is true, are there for us all.

When Naaman was returning, healed from his leprosy, to go back to be a minister under a pagan Syrian king, you will remember how he begged the prophet for forgiveness if, while he worshipped the true God in his own home, when he went to the temple of Rimmon, and the king, his master, leaned upon his shoulder, he bowed down in the house of Rimmon.

The danger of bowing down in the house of Rimmon is ever there whenever we mingle in public life. But those who have withdrawn from public life have sometimes fallen under a graver temptation. They have bowed down in the house of Mammon.

And so we need, if we are to be Christian citizens, to take the advice that John Woolman gave to his fellow members in his time. He had to face colonial war, and he saw all about him the drafting of young Quakers for the militia in the War of 1757. He felt, along with those young men, the difficulty through which they were passing, and he noted then in his Journal that "among the officers are men of understanding who have some regard for sincerity when they see it. But where men profess to be so meek and heavenly-minded and to have their trust so firmly settled in God that they cannot join in wars, and by their spirit and conduct in common life manifest a contrary disposition, their difficulties are great at such a time."

If the time of trial should come again for some of us, may it be our prayer now that our lives may so be purified that if we should be called upon to bear the cross of persecution, our life shall witness better than our words for the cause for which we stand.

In the Epistle to the Philippians there is a great passage which has been imperfectly translated in our authorized version. It is rendered there: "Let your conversation be worthy of the gospel of Christ." It really should be: "Play your part as citizens worthily of the gospel of Christ."

Citizenship in the kingdom of God, as we understand it, covers life in all its relations. We can only be such citizens if we are loyal to the spirit of Christ, and if we turn continually, day by day, to the Divine Presence for the strength that we need, not only for the coming day, but for each day as it passes by.

They Might Have Been

We are the galaxy of gifted souls
Who were denied the mortal's right of birth,
For they who would have been our fathers, died,
And, giving all, impoverished the earth.
We are the scientists who might have been,
Now powerless a waiting world to aid;
Chemists and surgeons who will never be:
This is the ghastly price the world has paid!

We are the poets whose impassioned song
The hearts of humankind will never thrill;
Artists whose dreams no canvass will adorn
Because mankind resorts to slaughter still;
Inspired musicians who strange silence keep,
Burdened with mute unwritten melody;
Actors whose charm no public will acclaim,
Phantoms, engulfed in Time's obscurity.

Wan creatures, we, of this forgotten realm,
Made so by war's remorseless law of hate;
We helpless who so gladly would have lived,
Through countless ages must bemoan our fate.
Through dim, forbidden portals we would peer
Into Life's garden, gay with youth a-bloom;
For us can be no sweet adventuring
Beyond the eerie sepulchers of doom.

O, foolish world, mourn well your dreadful loss
Of precious lives, and lives that should have been;
Discard, we pray, your stupid reasoning
And spare all youth from this gigantic sin!
Imploring voices echo round the earth
In earnest unison, our plea for peace:
Hear, then, the thunder of our stifled cries,
That this grim tragedy of war may cease!

LUCILE CHANDLER

Minneapolis, Minn.

Is There a Sure Word for the Present Hour?

IF THERE is a sure word, to be spoken to the immediate world situation, it is high time it were sounded. The terrible tragedy of brutal destruction in China, coupled with the all but unbelievably shameless pretension and effrontery which would cloak it, fairly appals one. But the monstrous march of death in China is but an exaggerated demonstration of the world situation in general, wherein any semblance of international morality is rapidly disappearing.

This situation was tersely put a few days ago by Walter Lippmann. He starts out by assuming it to be true that Japan, Germany and Italy are engaged in the business of establishing new empires which they will rear, if they succeed, on the ruins of the present empires of Britain, France and the Netherlands: an Asiatic empire in the Orient; a Germanic empire in Central and Eastern Europe; a new Roman empire on the shores of the Mediterranean and in Africa. "This is a fair assumption," he says. "Their rulers proclaim this to be their intention. They verify what they say by what they do." As "the progress of Japanese imperialism has already involved the destruction of all treaties and all rules of law," we may expect the same thing to happen in Europe if German and Italian plans materialize. Moreover, he shows how the dictator powers have confidently and arrogantly disregarded the warnings of Britain and France, which they have pushed from one position to another, until they are continually retreating in diplomatic confusion. In a word, ruthless, lawless dictatorship, and imperialism gone mad, seem to be riding "high, wide and handsome," with none to say them nay.

As President Roosevelt put it so cogently in his atmosphere-clearing broadcast, there are certain "human decencies" to be observed between nations as between people, and these decencies are being contemptuously violated. What are democratic peoples to do about it? On the one hand, their spirits cry out in protest against the rain of death showered upon innocent people, and they would, if at all possible, stay the cruel hand of the aggressor. On the other, they fear for their own liberties if something isn't done to check the dictators and the militarists in their mad career.

This dilemma is difficult enough for free, liberty-loving folks in general. It is extremely difficult for Christian pacifists. As T. Edmund Harvey sets forth in our leading article, it is the privilege and the duty of the Christian to participate in government, helping to shape its policies toward the Christian purpose. What should he do—what can he do—in the given desperate situation?

Is there, then, a sure word for the present hour? For the immediate hour, we mean. With others, we can talk easily of "peaceful change," involving more adequate distribution of economic resources and territory, more equitable trade relations, etc. But what of the ever appalling now? Is there any word for that?

The word is most certainly not war. There is almost universal agreement on this. Aside from adding destruction to destruction, war, the antithesis of freedom, would destroy the very values of democracy we would preserve.

Certainly, too, the word is not isolation—a weasel word; or better, perhaps, a word for human moles who blindly take to the cover of a fancied but false security of selfish withdrawal from all moral responsibility.

Moreover, we must say frankly that for us the word sought is not neutrality. It must be a bigger, better word than that. We have been troubled by the emphasis with which this shibboleth has been cried by Friends. We cannot find in it the positive appeal for creative action which calls to the best in us—it is too negative in its implications. Furthermore, a defense mechanism against war built up on the assumption that neutrality can be made practical and effective, in the event of a general war, has seemed to us to be unrealistic.

What is the word? We wish we were sure. This may be one of those desperate dilemmas beyond which we cannot see clearly enough to find the definite, immediate answer. We recall how at our recent World Conference some of our young Friends were inclined to be impatient because such answers to some of these tremendous problems were not forthcoming. Perhaps we need a new word. Whatever that word may be, to our mind it must have the spirit and content of an old word, long used, but still not enough practiced—the word, cooperation. While not unmindful of the manifest dangers involved, we welcome the new note of international cooperation and leadership for peace sounded by the President and the Secretary of State. We find little hope for staying international anarchy except upon the basis of such cooperation and the building up of some association of nations for providing a more permanent framework for maintaining the peace of the world. We are not wise enough to say just what methods of cooperation should be adopted, and how far they should be followed, but we feel that the direction indicated is the right one—that it points ever toward the North Star, so long marked in the heavens as the fixed sign of human freedom.

W. C. W.

STATEMENT IS ISSUED BY SERVICE COMMITTEE

To our Fellow Christians in the United States:

Although we have had to endure many experiences in recent times that have shocked our minds and disturbed our hearts, nothing has happened in our present-day world that has filled us with such a sense of horror and despair as have the military invasion of China by Japan and the widespread destruction of lives of innocent civilians by indiscriminate bombings from the air.

It is a sudden revelation of the merciless methods of nations under the control of a military power, that disregards the humane sentiments and human sympathies of the rank and file of its people. It ought to shake the Christian world awake to what may happen anywhere where spiritual vision is lost and where the guidence of the spirit of Christ is ignored or never felt. And it ought to bring great searchings of heart in all the Christian groups of our own country, with a deep sense of humiliation and repentance, that we as disciples of Christ are so weak, so unkindled and ineffective, and that we have done so little to prevent the situations out of which these violent conflicts have arisen. The new American attitude, revealed in the President's Chicago speech and in Secretary Hull's pronouncement—an attitude which profoundly alters the established policy of isolation and neutrality—immediately brings every American citizen face to face with issues of immense gravity.

Now, if ever, the Christian Church should exercise its spiritual leadership and should speak with wisdom and with moral conviction. Our first task is the fortification of the Church and its individual members with an increase of faith and renewal of inward power from God, as a preparation for meeting the demands of the hour. Then we must seriously face the major business before us, of finding the right way to make our influence effectively felt where it is most needed.

The most natural instrument of influence is no doubt an organized boycott of the Japanese and of Japanese goods. But that course almost certainly involves a campaign of hate and bitterness. It is a tacit betrayal of the spirit of decades of Christian Mission work in

the Orient. We ought, if possible, to find a better way and that means that we must try to understand, and endeavor to discover a solution for, the pressure of overgrown populations, the urgent need for markets, access to raw materials for the support of an industrial civilization, the effects of tariff barriers and race discrimination, and the ever increasing menace of huge preparations for war on the part of all surrounding nations.

There is no easy, or luminous way out of the *impasse* which years of wrong international methods and policies have produced and which we suddenly see confronting us. It is useless to call for quick action. We must do what we can to relieve the sufferings of innocent victims, to bring influence to bear to restrain the madness and violence of the conflict and, if possible, to end it. But we must look steadily at the fundamental issues which underlie the madness and the violence, and we must resolutely face the fact that the world situation now demands a deeper and more genuine type of spiritual statesmanship. We must rise up in the name of Christ to meet that call.

RUFUS M. JONES, *Chairman.*
American Friends Service Committee.

Tidbits for an International Stew

BY LOUISE A. STINETORF

This readable, illuminating statement was given recently as a broadcast from Wilmington, Delaware, in a series of radio talks on current international affairs. Louise Stinetorf is a member of the staff of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Pennsylvania Branch, as assistant to Mildred Scott Olmsted, Executive Secretary.

PREVIOUS speakers on this program have outlined for you the situations in the Far East, Spain, and other countries of Europe, together with their international implications. There is another geographical spot that packs a good deal more dynamite than one might suppose at first—a spot which has made headlines along with the civil war in Spain and Japan's invasion of China: i. e., the Near East.

Palestine's hills and coastal plain are as drenched with blood as Flanders Fields, and in season the anemones and ranunculi, instead of poppies, grow as brilliantly red and a good deal more profusely. No one who has not lived in the Near East knows how voluptuously beautiful the country is. Few people, other than students of international relations, know its strategic importance.

The Near East has been a pawn on the international chessboard during the last three decades—and as heartlessly manipulated by European powers. At present it is composed, roughly speaking, of the four following countries: Syria, Iraq, Transjordania, and Palestine. These, together with a portion of Egypt, comprise what the native calls the "Arabic Nation," and the governmental policy of each is dictated by some European power as a direct result of the World War.

It is a dream of ardent, perhaps chauvinistic pro-Arabs that some time the "Arabic Nation" will be united in one independent government. This dream is but another ember in the smouldering fire of distrust and hatred the Arab bears his European overlord.

The educated Arab (and American and European universities have turned out many such) realized some years before the World War that the oil, the Black Gold, flowing under the sands of Mesopotamia, is of inestimable value to industrialized Europe, and in some measure understood the significance of the Berlin-Bagdad Railway. It is doubtful if the world will ever know what negotiations were carried on between Germany and certain tribal chieftains. Any speculation as to the validity of such agreements as were entered into is idle, since Germany had to accept terms dictated by the technically victorious nations at the close of the World War.

Lawrence of Arabia will be long remembered by lovers of good adventure stories. He will be remembered a good deal longer by the Arabs of Palestine and Transjordania; for it was through him that the British Government, in return for military help against the Turks, promised to aid the Arab people to regain sovereignty at the close of the war.

There is no question that Lawrence acted on instructions from his superiors; and so far as any personal reactions entered into the matter, it is probable that his faith was as good as the Arabs!

It is certain that his advice was not asked when the War Department in London promised certain Jewish persons and interests a Zionist home in Palestine in return for the loan of vast sums of money—which is the background of the famous Balfour Declaration. The bulk of these sums of money has not yet been repaid, and many of the individuals holding controlling interests are prominent politicians—certainly, to the imperialistic British mind, persons commanding a great deal more respect than helpless, often illiterate, tribesmen.

To many people, the action of the British Government, in attempting to reconstruct a nation on the basis of race, is purely artificial. (And I might interpolate, that to the anthropologist, Juaism is a religion and not a race). However, the Balfour scheme of establishing a home for the Jews in the land from which the race originally came was acclaimed a stroke of genius, and the mandated territory of Palestine was thought capable of affording shelter, protection, and industry for a race which for centuries has been scattered over the different nations of Europe and the Western Hemisphere.

"The shifting of frontiers and the creation of minorities is bad enough," said Lord Ponsonby of England, recently, "but to establish a people, not because of its nationality but because of its race—a race the vast majority of whom has never sought nationhood—and to plant it in the midst of another race which has inhabited the territory in question for centuries, is to issue a formal invitation to trouble.

"I hope none of my hearers will think for a moment that I have any animosity, instinctive or otherwise against Jews. I regard them with respect and admiration. They are not only an intelligent, but in many ways a gifted people. But their main characteristic has always been that they have thrived and prospered in Gentile communities. They themselves were by no means unanimous in desiring a country of their own, however much the call of the Holy Land might lure them. Practically none of the prosperous Jews of London, Berlin, Paris, Poland, Greece, of New York or anywhere, hurried to Palestine to form a Jewish nation. And it is my firm conviction that they would not have done so had every Arab been removed bodily from the country."

Jewish people are essentially professional and business men with a liberal sprinkling of artists thrown in for good measure. They are not farmers; they do not take kindly to the soil. Recent experiments at colonizing Jewish people on farms in Russia have failed utterly, and in the face of all the blandishments, and pressure, of which the Soviet Government is capable. In all my life, I have never seen one Jewish farmer outside of Palestine.

There I saw plenty of them, mostly young, and usually unhappy in spite of religious fervor. Popular conception to the contrary, Palestine is not a land flowing with milk and honey. It is a poverty-stricken, subtropical semi-desert, bisected by a denuded range of low hills. There are three months of rainy season, during which there are several veritable cloudbursts every day. This is followed by a few weeks of luxuriant growth which paints every inch of plain and terraced hillside with all the hues of the rainbow—millions and millions of anemones, ranunculi, cyclamen, tulips and yellow daisies! During this season, Palestine is the loveliest spot on earth.

This is followed by nine months of drought when not a drop of rain falls. Only hardy plants can send their roots down into the soil, down far enough to suck up water for a sparse crop—figs, grapes, almonds, pomegranates. A good growth of wheat is so thin and stunted that the little foxes cannot hide in it. An American farmer wouldn't bother to cut it.

There is one source of wealth in Palestine—the Dead Sea. But concessions for its exploitation have all been let; and immigrants to Palestine for some years have not been permitted to do more than look at and bathe in its mineral-laden waters. Therefore, when religious fervor has worn off, what is there to hold an intelligent, ambitious Jew? When his own financial resources are exhausted, how is he to live—on imported food, incidentally—unless Jews in other lands feed him?

True, he has done the best he can for himself. He has bought the best of the farm land in an attempt to develop agricultural communities; but therein lies much of his difficulty. For centuries, the Arab has been governed by tribal laws. A man may transfer to another the use of his orchard or his vineyard for a space of time, but the land does not actually belong to an individual, it belongs to the tribe, and cannot be disposed of by the individual.

Consequently, when the Jewish immigrant came along, and offered an attractive sum of money for a hillside or piece of valley, the Arab thought himself lucky. (Bear in mind that any sum of money is attractive to a penniless man.) He took the money, bought a blooded Arabic horse, possibly a high-powered repeating Turkish army rifle, and lived like a prince for a while. But when the money was all spent, he expected to go back to his orchard and gather the olives, to cut the wheat in the valley.

When the Jewish farmer objected, the Arab was amazed. The land belonged to the tribe, it was his as a member of the tribe—it had always been so. He had no conception of the modern, civilized laws concerning private property; and the Jew, backed by the fact that his money was irretrievably gone, had no appreciation of, or background by which to understand tribal psychology.

The Arab persisted in harvesting the olives. The Jew called on British police for protection. The Arab took a potshot at the Jew—and the Arab is usually a crack shot. The British policemen called for aid, and the British Government sent him a sizable portion of the British Army.

There is reason behind this accelerated compliance on the part of the British Foreign Office. France holds Syria to the north, and is an ally of England; neither is friendly to Turkey. Egypt has always been a colonial sore spot. The army air base, established six miles north of Jerusalem, is a vantage point for overseeing the Suez, Cairo, and errant tribesmen in Transjordania. India is not far away as the crow—or I should say, as the airplane—flies. Last, but certainly not least, the vast oil fields in Mesopotamia have only been tapped. They are a reserve of airplane fuel which England cannot afford to lose, and most certainly has no intention of letting slip through her fingers in this day of airplane travel and warfare.

In the meantime, the Jewish immigrant wants his land, or his money. The Arab has only a dawning conception of the legal procedure involved in the ownership of private property—and a vast and growing resentment at having been tricked. So he continues to snipe at British Tommies and Jewish farmers alike. An overwhelming majority of Arabs are Moslems, who are fanatical religionists, and who firmly believe that if they die fighting they are assured of Paradise.

Put all of these tidbits into the pot, and you have one of the most delectable stews cooked up for international digestion that diplomats can readily devise. And don't forget, the British War Department may need more Jewish money in the relatively near future!

The tri-partition of Palestine proposes one section for the Arabs, one for the Jews, and one for the British, and leaves various holy cities sticking out independently like sore thumbs. The proposed solution settles nothing. It will simply be an additional grievance which a repressed people will carry in their hearts, which will fester and grow until it breaks out more virulently than heretofore in some new spot.

Don't let the western end of the Mediterranean blind your eyes to what is happening on its eastern shores. Events in the Near East will be less dramatic than in Spain, and crises will be slower developed. From the very beginning of time, events taking place in this out-of-the-way, poverty-stricken, desert country have helped to shape the history of the rest of the world, and seem likely to continue doing so.

Pacific School of Religion

NEW ADVENTURE IN WORLD FRIENDSHIP

Dolls! Schoolbags! Treasure Chests! Picture Folios! These were the tokens of friendship sent from American children to children in Japan, Mexico, the Philippine Islands and China, in other years. The projects have been sponsored by the Committee on World Friendship Among Children in the hope that, by creating goodwill among the children of the world, the day may come when friendship will take the place of strife, the world around.

There is a country where the children particularly need friendship: war-torn Spain. Their tragedy offers the opportunity for children of America to send some sunshine into hearts of children who are suffering because of the bitterness of war.

Suitcases!—how peculiarly appropriate! These are 15 x 5 inches in size, especially made for the purpose with a sunshiny lining and a Friendship-Goodwill symbol in English on one side, Spanish on the other. With the suitcase is sent a map onto which the group packing one will paste a star to show where they live. We also send a letter written by a little girl on behalf of the children of America to the children of Spain, with a Spanish translation.

Would you like to have a share in this project? If so, write to the Committee on World Friendship Among Children, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Material is free except the song sheet which contains three friendship songs used in previous projects and a little Spanish lullaby with English translation. (This is two cents a copy, if ordered in quantity.) On one folder you will find suggestions as to articles to be packed. No time limit is set but please send suitcases promptly. We shall ship as often as we have enough for a shipment.

If you would like to give a simple play which tells about all the projects, send for "Circling the World with Friendship," five cents a copy.

While this is primarily a project for children, their parents and friends can have a share in meeting the terrible need in Spain. They may—purchase the suitcase ($1.00 each) for the children to fill; make or purchase sweaters and scarfs—each suitcase should contain one or the other; send contributions to the Committee on World Friendship Among Children, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., to help in carrying out the project.

Missing—A Play in One Act

BY ELIZABETH H. EMERSON

CHARACTERS AND SETTING

MOTHER OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

STELLA—His sweetheart of college days.

HELEN—His sister, many years younger.

READER OF THE PROLOGUE.

No attempt should be made to represent the actual surroundings of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. A bench upon a simple stage will, with the atmosphere created by the Prologue, provide an adequate setting. The bench may be in any convenient position upon the stage, so long as the tomb, as imagined by the characters, is to the left of it. Entrance of the two younger women will then be from the right.

PROLOGUE

(*To be read impressively before the rise of the curtain*)

To the shrine of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery come many mothers, wives and sweethearts, some scattering flowers, others dropping only tears. Of those who come seeking relief from the soreness of their hearts, many find in this visible representation of their beloved dead, a healing balm. The unbroken stillness, the majesty of tall trees, the far-reaching views of varied loveliness, added to the sacred purpose of the white monument, make voices low and footsteps reverently soft. Countless quiet, unrecorded dramas of life are no doubt enacted here. It is always a place of memories. Perhaps sometimes it is also a place of revelations and dreams and high purposes.

Let your imagination change the simple stage before you into a plot of grass-covered ground near the tomb, where at the hour of sunset fading into night, a plainly dressed woman often comes. She no longer weeps, as she did during her first visits years ago, but she now wears upon her face the quiet peace that comes with years of acceptance of a sweet and inevitable sorrow. You will discover her sitting alone upon the white marble bench not far from the tomb. She is one of the unnumbered mothers of the Unknown Soldier.

(*The Mother who sits upon the bench is perhaps sixty. In dress, speech and manner she should represent the great mean of American motherhood. The evening paper lies by her on the bench. A knitting bag is in her lap. She is gazing in the direction of the tomb, as she talks to herself, very softly, with long pauses between thoughts.*)

MOTHER: I can't believe it. (*She picks up the paper and again looks at the headlines.*) War. I don't know what call we have to go to war. (*She puts it aside and brings out her knitting.*) I don't want to think about it. (*She knits industriously for a minute, then gazes away again.*) *He* wouldn't want it. I don't *think* he would. I'll go ask him. (*She leaves her knitting and newspaper upon the bench and walks toward the tomb.*)

(*Stella enters, right. She is a woman nearing forty, well dressed, with a professional bearing. She stops by the seat, looking about, showing that all is new to her. Her eyes fall on the headlines and she picks up the paper. She starts visibly, but says no word, as she reads on. Mother returns and stands beside her.*)

STELLA: Oh! I beg your pardon. I saw the headlines.

MOTHER: Oh, that's all right. Read it. I don't want it.

STELLA: (*Dropping the paper*) No, I'd rather not. I haven't been here before. (*She looks steadily at the monument.*) I've wanted to come a long time. It is so quiet here. I thought there would be people....

MOTHER: A lot of folks come in the day. I come at sundown.

STELLA: Every day?

MOTHER: No, but often. Won't you sit down? It's restful. (*She picks up her knitting and takes a few stitches. Stella sits beside her but her eyes and thoughts are on the tomb.*)

STELLA: You have someone here perhaps?

MOTHER: (*With a motion toward the tomb*) Oh, yes, I'm his mother. (*The younger woman turns and looks at the older as if doubting her sanity, but she is satisfied.*)

STELLA: Oh, I see.

MOTHER: I know. That sounds strange, maybe, but—but I like to think it's that way. I've been coming here so many years. It's like home. The sentinels all call me "Mother." They all know me.

STELLA: (*Wistfully*) That must be nice.

MOTHER: Doesn't anybody call you mother?

STELLA: No. No one has ever called me that.

MOTHER: I'm sorry. (*She puts her knitting in the bag.*)

STELLA: I'll go now.

MOTHER: Must you? Is some one waiting for you?

STELLA: No one is waiting for me—anywhere.

MOTHER: Then why not sit with me until Helen comes?

STELLA: (*Not much interested*) Who is Helen?

MOTHER: My daughter, Helen. My baby girl. She was a baby when Bertie went away. She doesn't even remember him. She thinks it's silly for me to keep coming here.

STELLA: (*With interest, sitting on the edge of the seat*) And Bertie didn't come back?

MOTHER: (*Smiling and pointing toward the tomb*) Oh, yes, he's there.

STELLA: But really, I mean.

MOTHER: Well—he was among the missing. But I've pretended so long that he is lying there—I seem to know it *is* Bertie. You don't know how happy it makes me to think about him in such a beautiful place, with the birds singing all day in the trees, and the sentinel keeping watch all the night. He is so safe....

STELLA: Could you tell me about Bertie—when he was alive, I mean?

MOTHER: (*Speaking very cheerfully*) I'd love to, if you want to hear. There aren't many now that care. You see everybody forgets, or can't remember. Even Helen....

STELLA: Helen doesn't want you to talk about him?

MOTHER: Well, you see Helen lives *now*.

STELLA: They all do— the people who have grown up since the war. I work in a big office in Chicago. The girls that work beside me don't know there was a world war. Not really. They live in the present.

MOTHER: Well, I do too, through the day, when I'm busy. But I like to slip back. That's why I like to come here.

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It's so easy to remember. (*She dreams happily*) He was a sweet baby. Curls all over his head. I never did cut his curls till he went to school, and then his father made me—said he'd be a sissy. By the time he went to high school he was tall and thin, and I worried about him some, but his first year in college he began to fill out and get handsome....

STELLA: (*Shutting her eyes and holding a tense position as Mother talks on*) I know.

MOTHER: He had two years of college. We helped him some and he got jobs and helped himself. Are you sure you want to hear all this?

STELLA: Very sure.

MOTHER: Well, maybe it's because I was his mother, but I do think Bertie was an unusual boy. We've always been church folks, and we raised him to know right and wrong. It was easy to teach him. He wasn't a goody-goody, you understand, but he just took to good ideas, and stood for the best things and wanted to make the most of himself. I don't know how to say it....

STELLA: I think you mean that he was a young man of high ideals and standards, loyal and unselfish and ambitious.

MOTHER: Yes. You know how to put it. Just that. And in his second year at college he fell in love. I know—some parents would have said he was too much of a child to know what it meant, but to me it was a pretty thing. And his father understood how he felt, too. I never saw the girl.

STELLA: Nor her picture?

MOTHER: Oh, yes, little snapshots, he'd show me, but I didn't count much on them. It was what she did to Bertie that made me know she was fine. He seemed so proud of their friendship. I noticed how careful he was about his clothes, vacations, and there was a light in his eyes that hadn't been there before. They must have been sort of engaged, I guess, 'though because he was so young we didn't count it that way exactly—(*She breaks off suddenly*) Look! See those squirrels—two of them—I think they know me, too. I watch them by the hour....

STELLA: Yes, they are beauties. They are so alive. Can you go on?

MOTHER: Oh, yes, I was telling about Stella. (*Stella starts, although she has gradually learned the truth.*) Well, when he was a junior this country went into the war.

STELLA: Yes, 1917. I was a Junior, too.

MOTHER: And the first vacation he came home he didn't have but one single idea, and that was to enlist. His father reasoned that he wasn't old enough, that he might as well wait a little and see, but Bertie was all full of talk about his duty being to get into the war—his Christian duty, he said. It seemed like all his high thoughts had settled around that one thing. He said the world had to be saved and the only way to do it was to fight it out. That sounded funny to me, but all we could say didn't change him a bit. I asked him what Stella thought about it.

STELLA: And Stella said "go" didn't she?

MOTHER: Yes, he said Stella wanted him to enlist—not wait to be drafted—she would be so proud of him....

STELLA: Fool!

MOTHER: Did you say something? Well, he went to camp, and he was one of the first to go to France....

STELLA: You had letters?

MOTHER: Yes, some. Not many. And sometimes they didn't sound like Bertie. I've wondered about his letters. It was like something was left out—more than was put in, maybe. And then— there came that letter from the government. (*She pauses.*) He was just—missing. (*Both are silent, looking into the distance. Helen is seen approaching. She is a modern girl, beautiful, full of life.*)

STELLA: Is that your daughter coming? I think I'll walk up to the tomb. (*Very softly*) He is my Unknown Soldier, too.

HELEN: (*Troubled*) Mother! You have the paper! Can you believe it? I simply can't realize that we could get into Europe's squabbles! And I'm so worried. Just suppose they—what is it you call it? Conscript people! (*She becomes silent*)

MOTHER: (*Pulling her down beside her*) You are thinking of your Jimmie. How old is he? Twenty-four? I guess he's the right age.

HELEN: I can't think of it. Surely that couldn't happen to *us*.

MOTHER: It always happens in war.

HELEN: Oh, we've talked about it—but it's always seemed a long way off. We couldn't believe it would come here. Of course I've told Jimmie I would want him to do his duty—I wouldn't for the world have him be a—what did they call them in the World War? A slacker? But we've made our plans. We haven't said much, because we knew we must wait until he finished law and I was through college, but we've dreamed our dreams....

MOTHER: Yes, I know. Home—and children. You're dreaming about them..

STELLA: (*Who has returned and stands beside them*) I dreamed, too.

HELEN: (*Jumping up, almost frightened*) Who is she, Mother?

STELLA: Your mother doesn't know who I am, but we have been talking tonight. Forgive me for hearing what you said—Helen. (*They look at each other searchingly*)

MOTHER: She was letting me tell her about Bertie.

HELEN: My brother never seemed very real to me.

STELLA: Nor the War, I suppose. Only the present is real to you.

HELEN: The present—and the future. The future is seeming real, *now*.

STELLA: My train leaves at nine. But before I go I want to say something to you. I came from Chicago to say it.

HELEN: That's strange. You don't know us! But what is it? It must be important!

STELLA: (*Resting her hand on Helen's arm and speaking with deep emotion*) Won't you try—try harder than I did—to fulfill your dreams?

HELEN: What do you mean?

STELLA: I mean—don't let war destroy them! War destroys everything! Especially dreams! Fight it! Don't let it take your Jimmie! Tell him! Make him see that what they say about duty is a lie! They'll be saying it again—just wait! The papers and the politicians and even some of the churches will be saying it again—that it's a high and holy thing to go out and kill. It isn't. It is a lie when they tell you you can save the world for democracy or civilization or Christianity by fighting!

THE CRIMSON PATH

We thought, so credulous is youth,
That we might do a deed
To bear aloft the torch of truth
Before a world in need.

We thought—and laugh, to think we thought—
That men might go their ways
In hope and peace, when blood had bought
The prize of quiet days.

Aye, so we thought . . . it is not sweet
To think again, today.
Of all that made the price complete—
The lives that went to pay.

But ponder it, ye elder-men,
Who lead the nations now:
Think—of the noble speeches then;
Think—of each broken vow.

Remember such as set the path
Whereon the soldier died:
Unheedful of the aftermath,
They lied, my lords, they lied.

GEOFFREY CUMINE.

Rozelle, N. S. W., Australia.

HELEN: (*Shaking with emotion*) You sound as if something had happened to *you!*

STELLA: Me? Oh, that was long ago! So long ago you can't remember—that Herbert and I had our dreams, but they were just like yours.

MOTHER: (*Standing, excited*) Why, Stella called him Herbert! (*Taking her by both arms and looking at her intently in the dim light*) You aren't Bertie's Stella!

STELLA: (*Quietly*) I used to think I would be, until the War came. I wanted him to go. I believed what people said. I thought it was a fine thing—a brave thing—something big and right and worth the price of our dreams. Now I know it wasn't.

MOTHER: (*Mystified*) But Bertie thought that way. The best people he knew said so—the professors in the college and the preachers in the churches.

STELLA: They didn't know. They thought the way to cure a wrong in Belgium was to add to it a wrong a thousand times greater. They were blind. Thank God that now some can see.

HELEN: But what can I do? What can Jimmie do?

STELLA: You and Jimmie must decide that. Nobody can do it for you. But remember that no power on earth can make a man fight if he has the moral courage to say he won't!

HELEN: I never thought about that kind of courage.

MOTHER: Don't they put men in jail for refusing to go to war?

STELLA: Yes, sometimes they put them in jail, and feed them on bread and water, and torture them, and if none of these things has any effect, maybe they send them to the front to do the most dangerous work, but they can't *make* them fight.

HELEN: (*Shuddering*) I suppose they could kill them.

STELLA: Yes. You're right. There are such things as court martials and firing squads. I've thought about that, too. Surely there isn't any part of the whole terrible thing we call war that I haven't gone over and over in my mind in the still hours of all the nights of the years since I knew my dreams would never come true.

HELEN: I don't see —it all seems so confused—maybe I need time to think. Suppose my brother had faced a firing squad?

STELLA: (*Putting her arm about Mother and speaking slowly, with emotion*) Then—we should have lost him—your mother and I. But we could have known that all his courage and loyalty and idealism had been spent with a high purpose—not merely to make one more among the missing!

MOTHER: It's a little word to mean so much! I used to say it over to myself so many times at first: "Missing—missing." Of course it meant he never was found, not anything of him. But sometimes I'd turn it the other way, and I'd say to myself, "Missing what?" And I'd think, Well, he's missing us, and he's missing Stella, and he's missing the children he might have had—he's missing all of life.

STELLA: And did you ever think, Mother, (*She speaks the word with great tenderness*) that you aren't just *you?* You are all the mothers of the Unknown Soldier, who see their sons die before their lives are well begun.

MOTHER: That's true in a way, Stella.

STELLA: And I'm not merely myself. If I were it wouldn't matter so much. I'm the whole generation of women who have missed giving children to the world because our men were sacrificed to war.

HELEN: (*Thoughtfully*) They would have been good fathers—men like my brother.

STELLA: War always takes the best —the men with the best bodies and the best minds, and the world needs the children they could have fathered—it needed them to build, not to destroy.

MOTHER: I think I am tired! (*She sinks on the seat, listening closely to the words of Stella*)

STELLA: Helen, you aren't just yourself, either. You are all of youth, full of hope and desire to make a good world, and longing for home and family that are God's own gifts. You can't get the best of war, alone. But your generation could do it, if you would try—Oh, not in one way, but in every way. You said maybe you need to think. Yes. Think. Work. Study to find ways. (*She breaks away and starts toward the tomb. Mother gets up*)

MOTHER: (*Taking a step toward her*) Wait! You belong with us! Where are you going?

STELLA: I'm going to the tomb again. You see I had letters, too. Maybe there wasn't so much left out of mine. He made me understand what war was, when he got into it. I promised to warn his baby sister. I must tell him—I have kept faith.

(*Mother and Helen stand looking after her as she walks toward the tomb*)

CURTAIN

Las Vegas, New Mexico.

CHILDREN'S PEACE SUNDAY

The Peace Education Committee of the World's Sunday School Association proposes that Sunday, November 7, be designated as Children's Peace Sunday and be devoted to special observances in the Sunday Schools emphasizing the comradeship and spiritual solidarity of Christian children in all lands.

The Committee has no "fixed plan" for the day which it desires to have adopted; it has, rather, a "fixed idea" that the children and adults of our Sunday Schools should be encouraged to direct their worship and study to the end of encouraging international and interracial understanding and inculcating the will to achieve peace and true Christian brotherhood. If every Sunday School leader can apply to the matter of educating for peace his keenest intelligence, his ingenuity, and his devotion, we can make real progress.

No leader should "hide his light under a bushel." We are eager to have reports from every possible source, describing worship programs, class projects, community demonstrations, activities in local Sunday Schools and in national councils, and experiences of actual international and interracial fellowship. Please report your experiences to the New York Office of the World's Sunday School Association, 51 Madison Avenue, that they may be widely shared.

WHY CALL HIM SIMPLE?

"Pardon me," said Simple Simon, "but who are all those fellows with the guns and bayonets?"

"They are drilling and learning how to fight so they may preserve the peace," said the Pieman.

"Then I know," said Simple Simon, "who those lads are around the corner chopping off the tails of those kittens. They are members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"That is indeed probable," said the Pieman.

As they walked along, suddenly they saw a dwelling house all ablaze, and out in front men were hurriedly syphoning gasoline out of the tanks of cars and pouring it on the fire. "Now there," said Simple Simon, raising his eyebrows quizzically, "must be—don't tell me, I have it!—the fire department."

"I marvel at your perspicacity," exclaimed the Pieman.

Soon they came to a beautiful beach, where men with white insignia across the front of their bathing suits were seizing by-standers, carrying them out to deep water, and drowning them, one by one. "How interesting," declared Simple Simon with admiration, "to see the brave life-savers at their work!"

"You are a boy of rare perception," responded the Pieman, "but why, I wonder, do people call you simple?"—Adapted from the *Bulletin* of the Christian Youth Committee for Peace, Sydney, Australia.

TWO FRUITFUL DAYS AT SPICELAND

Indiana Yearly Meeting Workers in Conference Reported by James R. Furbay

The Indiana Yearly Meeting Conference for pastors and committees met at Spiceland, October 12 and 13, for the purpose of inspiration and the planning of the work for the coming year. With a splendid attendance, the conference opened in a truly Friendly spirit of devotion, fellowship, and zest in the quest for the larger areas of accomplishment.

Held under the joint auspices of the Yearly Meeting Executive Committee, the Board of Christian Education, and the Promotion Committee of the Five Years Meeting, the conference offered a good example of the value of effective cooperation. During the forenoon sessions, topics were presented by chosen speakers, each address being followed by discussion. Afternoons were devoted to committee meetings when programs of work were planned. The conference is deeply indebted to Spiceland Friends for their fine hospitality, including the excellent meals served at the noon hour. Oh, those chicken dumplings — like mother used to make!

The place of Friends in the world picture was realistically presented to us by Walter C. Woodward. The problem of church unity was seen to present a spectacle of a wilderness of ritual and dogma. Hope for larger unity is to be found, not in these things, but in the other direction of the Friends' way of the spiritual emphasis. An unique position of influence and opportunity has been given to Friends in connection with the Oxford and Edinburgh conferences on life and work and on faith and order.

The place of the Five Years Meeting in the total Friends picture is also one of strategic importance, because of its affiliation and cooperation with interdenominational movements. The picture which the world gets of Friends is taken from our frontier service activities. Another fact of interest is that so large a share of Quaker leadership comes out of the Five Years Meeting.

On the other hand, one of the fundamental weaknesses of the Five Years Meeting Friends is that we are not sufficiently stressing the real Quaker fundamentals. The question of vital interest to us is, how can we take our place in the larger picture and truly present Quakerism? A Friends meeting may have a strong preaching ministry and an effective program of evangelism, and still fail in the task of fitting us to meet the heavy responsibilities which face us as Friends in view of present conditions and trends.

We ought to stress community worship—group worship. It must be a corporate worship out of which comes united action. Depending too much upon official leadership, there is danger of shelving personal and group responsibility. Attempted activities, for which people are spiritually unqualified and unprepared, can be no more than "creaturely activities." Secondly, we ought to pay more attention to the smaller meetings, lest we be found to be "dying at the fringe," as Rufus Jones has put it.

Some available aids in accomplishing these larger aims are: the new Board on Christian Education, our Bible School publications, THE AMERICAN FRIEND, and the coordinating work of the other Boards of the Five Years Meeting, in cooperation with Yearly Meeting committees.

Murray S. Kenworthy suggested that the qualities that had attracted the "friends of the Friends" in Europe to Quakerism are: their homelike atmosphere; their spiritual rather than ritualistic emphasis; their pacifism; their unifying of life—religion being not some separate compartment of life; their social emphasis of the gospel; the opportunities in silent worship; and their tolerant attitude toward other Christian groups. How far are these traits to be found in our own local meetings?

The thinking of the conference was directed by Raymond Mendenhall, chairman of the Five Years Meeting Board on Prohibition and Public Morals, to the responsibility of the church in the field of social morality. We mistakenly think of morality as something static or fixed. It is rather a changing or growing thing. The problem is not to maintain a set of frozen codes, but to move toward more vitally Christian ways of conduct. Laws depend for execution upon the public opinion and public will. No law ever enforced itself. Moral standards need not only intellectual formulation but also the emotional drive of conviction. They need to be emotionalized. The temperance cause today faces the problem of a number of organizations trying to perpetuate themselves. The greatest need today is for the education of youth in the nature and effects of alcohol.

The conference faced, with Charles M. Woodman as leader, the subject of the pastor's relation to church finances. Churches need to be businesslike in the conduct of their finances. Church finances are a spiritual business. The function of the pastor is to give inspiration and guidance to financial matters. It has been stated that six-sevenths of all that Jesus is reported to have said had some reference to money and the use of money. You can tell a man's interest by the way in which he spends his money.

We must constantly advocate proportionate giving; we should make out annually a budget based on a program and carrying all essential items of expense; conduct one every-member canvass; and keep the meeting financially conscious. Not the man who prays the loudest or longest, but the man who gives sacrificially is the most spiritual.

An interpretation of the Friends World Conference and the Oxford and Edinburgh conferences was given by Alvin T. Coate. He told us that a word coming into popular use is "ecumenical." The Christian movement is supernational. It deals with men everywhere as children of God. It knows no racial and national barriers. Our World Conference demonstrates that the Society of Friends is also ecumenical, visibly and factually—a world fellowship.

One or the other will survive in the world—either Christianity or the subversive political forces of nationalism. There must be no partisanship in the Christian forces. We must stand together. There is a movement toward greater unity among the Christian forces. But a provincially-minded Society of Friends will have no place in a world-minded movement of Christianity.

What are the duties of Friends in the present world situation? This was the question discussed by Milton H. Hadley. The basis of a Christian's duty is: the teachings of Christ; our Quaker heritage of spiritual vision; and the sense of oughtness within. Forces that are undermining Christianity today are greed and war. There are two groups of nations in the world today: those who want to maintain the *status quo*—the "haves," and the revisionists—the "have nots."

What are some of our pressing duties? First, we should actually live in the spirit of love that is above war. The spirit of divisiveness in the church is a part of the spirit of war. Intolerant attitudes lead to war. Secondly, we should promote good will. Our Service Committee does much to promote good will among other nations. And then, we can help to counteract propaganda and the campaigns of hatred. We can do much to offset the record for greed by giving generously to the relief of suffering peoples.

The conference was led by Murray S. Kenworthy in the discussion of the subject, "A Practical Program of Evangelism." From an elaborate statistical survey covering a number of years, he brought out some practical implications for evangelistic work.

A truly high point of inspiration in the conference was the evening meeting at which the new Yearly Meeting Secretary, Milo S. Hinckle, led us to see the importance of magnifying our calling.

Like Nehemiah, we are doing a great work, and cannot come down to the mean, the unworthy, the trivial and inconsequential.

Fitting devotional messages were given during the sessions by L. Herbert Reynolds and Marie Cassell.

These are just a few flashes from the conference, failing to do justice to the speakers, and giving an incomplete picture of the conference. They are passed on in the hope that they will be provocative of further thought along these lines on the part of the readers.

JAMES R. FURBAY.

Marion, Indiana.

THE NEW CHURCH CARPET SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Friends of Muncie, Indiana, have recently purchased a fine carpet for their Friends Memorial Church, to replace the one which had done service for some thirty years. A novel plan was followed whereby the floor plat was marked off in squares for which individual members made themselves responsible. In this way the membership as a whole became personally eager over the project. A carpet dedication service was held on August 7, at which the new carpet spoke for itself through the following lines, both playful and serious, written by Ruth Smelser, a member of the Meeting:

For the next thirty years or more,
Stretched from the pulpit to the door,
I'll keep my place beneath the feet
Of all who enter from the street.
As long as with you, I abide
I'll modestly subdue my pride
And pray that I may not become
A parking place for chewing gum!

Already, I have come to know
The different feet, the swift, the slow,
The feet that on God's errands go—
The lovers back in sweetheart row!
Here is a man whose daily prayer—
His life, in mercy, God will spare
To walk his way in faith, not fear
Until his children he may rear.
A woman very large and stout
On high heels, wobbling about,
Her face all drawn and pinched by pain,
A sacrifice to fashion vain.
This man of firm, deliberate tread
Reveals a cool and calculating head,
Nor serves his God with fervor less
Because he's won much business success.
By careless pose of this one's feet
I know he's fallen fast asleep—
A trustful soul—but what an odd
And unique way to worship God!

When children's feet upon me press
I'll touch them with a soft caress
And know sometimes they'll skip and run
From hearts brimful of joy and fun.
Often with sorrow I shall feel
The imprint of a rolling wheel.
On me will fall the mourner's tear
And one no more will worship here.
For joy my heart will surely fail
When o'er me bridal garments trail
As happy lovers on me kneel
To pledge their love for woe or weal.

The first place I will show the wear,
The spot behind the desk, just where
The preacher in his fiery zeal
Will stomp and prod me with his heel
As if to crush beneath my form
The gentleman with tail and horn!
I'm sure that I shall wear much longer
Up near the front though none the stronger
But here the usher meets defeat—
Church people all prefer back seats.

So far I've been so much alone
But when the members get back home
And summer's gone, the crowds will boom
And use up all the standing room—
Then I'll lose all my fresh new beauty
But that is just a carpet's duty.
The more that I am stepped upon
The more I'll count it service done.
I'll love each one howe'er they're shod
Who tread on me to worship God,
And give in fullest consecration
Myself, with glad anticipation.

The New Church Carpet.

HUMAN CRY AND ANSWER

Jesus, I'm sick of this struggle
Weary, disgusted and blue;
Tired of the worry and hardship,
Sickness and suffering, too.
Is there no rest from the battle?
No hope that my trials shall cease?
No balm for a heart sorely troubled?
Speak, Lord, for I would have peace.

Rebuking, yet tender the answer:
"Child, thou hast trials, I know,
I was torn by each thorn in thy pathway,
I have trodden the way thou dost go,
I know the meaning of sorrow,
Of poverty, weariness, too,
And I have felt sore-forsaken
By the Father who ever is true.

"Hardships were given to purge thee,
To vanquish them, struggle thou must,
But fight not with head bowed, dejected,
Show a fine courage and trust.
Be not unmindful of others,
Tell the despondent of me,
And I will give thee the victory,
For, child, I am fighting with Thee."

LAURA OLIPHANT.

Friendswood, Texas.

PENDLE HILL ENJOYS A FULL HOUSE

Pendle Hill opened October first with an enrollment of twenty-four students in residence, the largest number in its history. Every available room is occupied. In addition to studies at Pendle Hill, two students are following courses at Swarthmore College, three at Haverford, and three at the University of Pennsylvania. Approximately fifty persons not in residence are attending Pendle Hill courses.

Sarah Rhoads Benson is head resident for the academic year while Grace E. Rhoads is absent on leave. Lewis V. Benson is acting librarian. F. Wilhelm Sollman, formerly of Berlin and widely experienced in political life in Germany, gives weekly summaries of current events. The students themselves have formed a group to study the Gospels according to the method of Dr. Henry B. Sharman, under the leadership of H. Morgan Harris, a pupil of Dr. Sharman. This group meets Saturday mornings, and welcomes the attendance of outsiders.

The term was happily inaugurated by two public lectures by Herbert G. Wood, Director of Studies at Woodbrooke, England. Robert Davis, Extension Secretary of Woodbrooke and of the Home Service Committee of London Yearly Meeting, gave three talks to the students on religious topics. Visitors who have taken an active part in the life of the group have included Germaine Melon of Paris, John and Dorothy Johnson of New Zealand, and J. Cuthbert Wigham of London. Alfons Paquet delivered a public lecture at Pendle Hill on the evening of October 18.

The student group includes five students from England. They are Mary Campbell, Grace Howson, Erica Hodgkin, Hazel Wigham, and William Hilton-Brown. Jean Blanchard has come to Pendle Hill from the Delta Cooperative farm in Mississippi, while William and Ruth Simkin have come from the Arthurdale Homestead. Oliver Brown from Indiana, Martha Campbell from Troy, New York, Alice Denby from Chicago, and Edith Hall from Salem, Ohio, are among the American Friends enrolled for the year. Dr. Swun Deh Du from Cheng Tu, China, Alfred Glauser from Geneva, Switzerland, Elizabeth Hagedorn from Trenton, New Jersey, H. Morgan from Los Angeles, Alexander H. Hay from Toronto, Cedric Jaggard from Montclair, New Jersey, Paul Kohler from Cincinnati, Martha Louise Smith from Buffalo, Olav Rikberg from Finland, Odile Sweeney from Hampton Institute, and Ryumei Yamano from Japan, are also in residence. Janet Whitney and Florence Hockett are at Pendle Hill a part of each week.

OUR FRIENDLY FORUM

What readers are thinking on topics of timely interest

APPRECIATION FROM DESCENDANT OF THOMAS BEALS

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

My family has been very much interested in the recent account in THE AMERICAN FRIEND of the life of Thomas Beales (spelled as it appears in his marriage certificate, but of late Beals). This is because of direct lineage, and the pride which we have in his life's labors as a minister among Friends, and of his pioneer mission among the Indians of the old Northwest Territory.

Thomas Beals, through his deep consecration and untiring efforts, left his mark upon his decendants, many of whom were active ministers and faithful Christian workers in the Society of Friends. What he and those who followed him have accomplished for the good of humanity should be told for the encouragement of others.

Thomas and Sarah Antrim Beals had a daughter, Elizabeth, who was married in 1775 to Samuel Bond. She became an eminent minister among Friends, among whom she labored for sixty years in North Carolina and Indiana. She lived to be about ninety-three years of age and was among the first to be buried in the Webster (Dover) Friends Cemetery a few miles north of Richmond. Her husband, Samuel Bond, preceded her in death and was buried in Surrey County, North Carolina. Their twelve children had much to do in establishing Friends settlements and meetings in the old Northwest Territory, especially in the area now occupied by Indiana and Western Yearly Meetings. It is said that more than twenty Friends ministers trace directly to Thomas Beals and his daughter Elizabeth.

If space were available, we could connect the sons and daughters of Elizabeth Beals Bond to many Quaker families who had a prominent part in the section of Indiana Yearly Meeting extending northward from Richmond, especially in Randolph County. Levi, the writer's grandfather, settled at Webster. Levi's son, Jehiel, has given a life of sixty-five years in the Friends ministry. At the advanced age of ninety-six years, he is a living demonstration of the longevity of this branch of the Beals-Bond family.

Thomas Beals had a sister, Sarah, who married John Mills. Their daughter, Anna, married Edward Bond and to them nine children were born. A monument to this branch is the farm upon which Earlham College now stands, which was entered by Jesse Bond and his wife, Phoebe Commons Bond, from whom the Bonds of Greensfork and New Castle derive. One son, Edward, entered the land on which the village of Webster is built and gave the present site for the Webster Friends Meeting. The writer, his father and grandfather spent practically all their lives on a portion of that large acreage originally taken up by Edward Bond.

Many important events could be mentioned in the lives of these two Beals and their companions on life's journey—events involving many journeyings and trials in their ministry including visitations to Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina and then to Tennessee, Ohio and Indiana, where they finally settled. My own interests in this family connection are increased through the fact that my mother, Anna Jane Marshall Bond, traces her ancestry to William, a son of this niece of Thomas Beals, who settled in Henry County, Indiana, "because he wanted to be buried in free soil."

So far as the Bonds are concerned, I am sure that whatever merit they may claim they are willing to give large credit to these heroic pioneer souls who wrought so faithfully and well. The marks of the latter are upon us wherever we may be found among the host of willing workers, whether ministers, tillers of the soil, physicians, lawyers or business men. These ancestors of ours were largely devoted to Christian uplift regardless of color or creed and were devoted to causes of reform in state and nation.

S. EDGAR BOND, M. D.
Richmond, Indiana.

ECHO ANSWERS WHAT A PITY!

Editor, THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

China is at war—in fact if not in name. Her leaders, who have patiently endured so many acts of provocation, at last feel that to yield further is impossible. Although war has been impending so long, now that it has actually fallen, China is scarcely prepared.

Some people—perhaps also Japan—expected China's resistance to crumple up within a few days; others predict that the war will last two years, and will end only when the Japanese are driven out of China (including Manchuria). Who knows which estimate is nearer the truth? What a pity that China's recent rapid progress should be so rudely interrupted!

To prevent Japanese warships penetrating to the interior, China has closed the Yangste below Nanking. It is reported that rail communication between Shanghai and Nanking has also been broken by Japanese bombing planes. This cuts our usual line of communication with the outside world.

For a time the Shanghai foreign banks closed, but we think they will find some way to transfer funds from abroad. Chengtu banks closed for a few days, and later adopted a rule that depositors might withdraw in any week only five percent of their credit balances. A further rule permits institutions to withdraw deposits according to need.

Szechwan is so far away from the fighting that the local food market is little affected. Foods of foreign origin will be very difficult or impossible to procure, but even in normal times we live so largely on native foods that the shortage of such articles as coffee, cocoa or baking powder will not constitute a serious problem.

Whether the fighting will reach as far inland as Chengtu is doubtful. It is rumored that refugee students from the coast will be transferred to Chengtu, and the West China Union University has been asked to take its quota. Will they really come? Probably the coming term will present many new problems, but we plan to carry on as best we can.

ROBERT L. SIMKIN.
Chengtu, West China,
August 27, 1937.

THEY NEVER MAKE US WEARY

To Our Dear American Friends from Atlantic to Pacific:

It may be that our beloved Editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND grows weary reading so many "thank you" letters from those who "sit by the fireside," who desired that younger Friends go to the World Conference, praying all the while that it might through them advance the Kingdom on earth. But this "auld" pair have so thoroughly enjoyed the issues of September 30 and October 14—have chuckled at the "pokes" of our Editor and devoured the "pickings" from so many lands—that we call to you all to "rise and let us sing the Doxology."

ALPHEUS AND ROXIE D. WHITE.
Guilford College on the Friendly Road.

An editor never wearies of heartfelt expressions of appreciation—especially when he has turned himself inside out, as it were, to do a hard job well. We had refrained from publishing any of the many nice things said of our conference reports, but make an exception of the above which is addressed over our head to our readers. Thank you all.

THE EDITOR.

QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

H. R. Townsend, a member of Wilmington Yearly Meeting, has the responsible position of Commissioner of the Ohio High School Athletic Association, with offices at Columbus. Oddly enough an Earlham College graduate, Arthur L. Trester, has long filled the corresponding post in Indiana.

* * * *

Recent callers at the Friends Central Offices at Richmond were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Swann of Wellesley Hills, near Boston, Massachusetts, who were visiting their daughter Eleanor who is a student in Earlham College. Fred Swann is a nephew of the widely known "Swann Sisters" who were long so much in the Friendly picture in Boston.

* * * *

Among post-Conference visitors who have favored the Central Offices with a call are Virgil and Mildred Hollingsworth Lancaster of Denair, California. From the brief outline of their journeyings which they gave us—Philadelphia to New England and New York, south to North Carolina, west to Iowa, back to Columbus, Ohio, to attend the National Dairy Convention, thence westward again, we have no doubt that by the time they reach home they will be the most traveled of all the American Friends who attended the World Conference.

* * * *

Friends of our work in Europe, particularly those familiar with the centers in Germany and France, will be saddened by the news of the death of Paula Kurgass at Zurich, Switzerland, on September 28. A prominent social worker in Germany, she was forced to leave the country several years ago and went to Paris. She was associated with the German Emergency Committee's relief activities for political refugees there and had only just finished that piece of work before her fatal illness developed.

* * * *

Florence Greist Simms, who resides with her daughters Ruthanna and Gertrude at 421 College Avenue, Richmond, Indiana, observed her eighty-fifth birthday anniversary on Sunday, October 17, by being at her place as usual in the morning meeting for worship at West Richmond Meeting, and by attending an additional vesper service meeting there in the afternoon. She has had a long and faithful service in the interests of the Kingdom, and while she cannot be as active now as formerly, her zeal has not abated. Her devotion and alertness are an inspiration to those about her.

The breezy presence of Charles L. Jessup of Brownsville, Texas, enlivened the atmosphere of the Editorial Sanctum on October 13, he having come north for a brief visit with relatives and friends. On the preceding Sunday he preached to a large gathering at his old home meeting of Fairfield, near Indianapolis. While we are sorry to learn of the unsatisfactory physical condition of his wife, Hannah Pratt Jessup, he assures us of her abounding spirit and continued aliveness to things worth while. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to add that Charles' enthusiasm for the paradise of the Lower Rio Grande waneth not with the passing years.

* * * *

Supplementing the letter of her husband, Robert L. Simkin, which appears on our Forum Page, Margaret T. Simkin writes of her impressions of the Chinese as they steel themselves to oppose the invader to the utmost. "Almost since my arrival in this land I have been aware," she writes, "of China's fear of her island neighbor. . . Today she seems to feel that she can accept no more at the hand of her enemy and is nerving herself for a supreme struggle. The alternative she faces is enslavement. . . The stage appears to be set for a terrific struggle." Margaret Simkin writes that they hope to carry on at the University as usual but anticipate that the students will be restless, needing some expression for their patriotic zeal.

* * * *

Chase R. McPherson, a Friends minister of Ohio Yearly Meeting, was recently sentenced to jail at Van Wert, Ohio, for refusing to send his child of six years to the public school. To an inquiring Friend he wrote that he and his wife after earnest prayer felt that God was holding them responsible for the early years of their children whom they had committed to Him. There is a provision in the Ohio law, we are informed, whereby in cases such as this, the School Superintendent may grant exemption from school attendance, which exemption was refused by the Van Wert Superintendent. Refusing to allow anyone to pay his fine, Chase McPherson served his sentence. He was released early this month and left the town with his family. A Van Wert Friend who visited the McPhersons to extend sympathy and comfort, writes that he and his wife are graduates of Asbury College.

* * * *

Many American Friends will experience a sense of personal loss in the announcement of the death of Herbert Corder, which occurred at his home in Westmorland, England, September 24. In 1919 he was one of the small group of English Friends who visited the United States to put before American Friends the aims of the first World Conference held in London in 1920. He returned three years later as a fraternal delegate to the sessions of the Five Years Meeting. On both these trips he made quite a tour of Friends meetings in America and wherever he went he left a glow of friendship. He was a business man who took time for active religious service in which he was always most effective. Following a visit which he and his wife made to Australasian Friends some thirty years ago, he was always deeply interested in the advancement of Quakerism in the Antipodes, but whether on the other side of the globe or among those near at home it is said of him that he amply fulfilled George Fox's injunction to "walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in every man."

* * * *

Several of our readers have read and many more of them have read of the book, "My Country and My People" by Dr. Lin Yutang. A critical review of this work has been written by Professor Roderick Scott of China, well known to many Friends. His review entitled, "Not

AUTUMN

Once more I'd like to walk that narrow path
Through valleys, woods and up those golden hills
Where birds are gathered for a final chat
And singing out their last departing trills.

I want to find that little brook once more
With laughter, joy and chuckle in its tone
So like a human hastening down to shore
And stubs its toes on every slippery stone.

But work is to be done and day by day
The time gets shorter and the air more chilled
And soon the snow will hide that little way—
The little brook will soon with ice be stilled.

BOLETTE ENES NELSON.
Minneapolis, Minn.

my Country and Not my People," appeared recently in the *Chinese Recorder*, published at Shanghai and is reprinted in substance by the magazine, *World Christianity*. He agrees that the book is "witty, brilliant and important," but to these adjectives adds his own — "sperficial, sentimental, unbalanced, devastating, tragic." However, as his friends might well expect, he does not merely use adjectives or call names, so to speak, but proceeds to analyze the volume to substantiate his indictment. In general, Roderick Scott maintains that Dr. Yutang reflects primarily the viewpoint of the Chinese non-Christian intellectuals but does not portray properly the China which Roderick Scott has come to know through many long years of residence in that country. "The book," he says, "though correct in parts is false in the whole. It is not a true picture of man or of Chinese men." Roderick Scott, who as a young man was on the faculty of Earlham College, is the son-in-law of Dr. Robert L. Kelly.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

Cecil E. Haworth, pastor at Carthage, Indiana, has accepted a call to assume the pastoral leadership in the large Meeting at High Point, North Carolina. As already anounced in these columns, Tom A. Sykes, who had been pastor at High Point for many years, resigned a few months ago to become personnel director of a large manufacturing concern at Thomasville, North Carolina, located a few miles out of High Point.

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Guy W. and Versa Harvey, who have had responsibility for the Leadership in Chester and Honey Creek meetings in Iowa, have removed to Wichita, Kansas, to assume charge of the North Wichita Meeting.

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With the new meetings established in South Texas within the past two or three years, Friendswood Quarterly Meeting has felt the need of a training school for Christian workers in the Gulf Coast country. Accordingly it has established Friendswood Bible College and Academy, which was opened at Friendswood, October 4. So far as the Academy is concerned this was a rejuvenation, Friendswood Academy having been closed in 1927. An encouraging attendance is reported. S. David Scott, formerly missionary in Latin America, is President, and Marie Ferguson, Principal, the other instructor so far appointed, being S. Stanley Perry.

* * * *

Homecoming and rally day were observed October 10, by Marshalltown, Iowa, Meeting. Basket dinner was served and fine fellowship enjoyed...Carl D. Byrd, pastor, was the invited speaker, October 2, at the sessions of Honey Creek Quarterly Meeting held at Chester Meeting near New Providence...On October 1, some twenty-five Marshalltown endeavorers visited LeGrand Meeting, the evening being spent in a social get-together. This is part of a plan to get better acquainted...The Auxiliary of the Meeting has recently redecorated the auditorium, which has greatly improved our place of worship.

* * * *

Howard W. Cope and family arrived in Greensboro, North Carolina, the first of October for residence, as he assumes the pastorate left vacant by the resignation of Milo S. Hinckle. Friends of Asheboro Street Meeting are very glad to have them, and look forward to a time of spirituality and progress under his leadership. On the evening of October 14, approximately 165 members met at the meetinghouse for a reception and dinner, honoring Howard W. Cope, and his family. A sumptuous dinner was served, and was followed by speeches by many of the church leaders, with Robert H. Frazier, prominent young attorney, master of ceremonies. Howard and Edna Cope spoke briefly, and the messages as well as the fellowship of the evening were much enjoyed.

* * * *

Westfield Quarterly Meeting in Western Yearly Meeting was held October 2 and 3 at Lamong, near Sheridan, Indiana. The Meeting on Ministry and Oversight convened at nine o'clock Saturday morning, the Quarterly meeting at large assembling at ten. Our Yearly Meeting Superintendent, Frederick Carter, and Mary Whinnery Egbert, who spent some years in Central America in the interest of temperance work and missions, were in attendance and gave inspiring messages. On Sunday afternoon the Prohibition and Public Morals department had charge of the service. Dr. John S. Hussey, County Superintendent of the Schools, gave a timely address. All these services were well attended and much interest was manifested.

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Milo S. Hinckle, who is entering vigorously upon his work as Executive Secretary of Indiana Yearly Meeting, is located at 111 North Twenty-first Street, Richmond.

LIFE'S QUESTIONS

What is the purpose of your life and mine?
Have we a pattern, a worthy design?
Does self come first in our thought each day?
Do we serve others along the way?
How do we feel at set of sun
As we review the work we've done?
Have we helped others by word, or deed?
Brought cheer, or comfort to those in need,
Or idled our moments in selfish play,
From early morn, till close of day?
Is the world a brighter, happier place
Because of the Christ-love in our face?

DAISY DEAN HOWELL.

Danville, Indiana.

A WHITTIER, CALIFORNIA NEWS LETTER

The Church Staff—Mary Reynolds, Assistant, Cleo Dozier, Church Secretary, Frank Pursell, Director of Music, Grace Dixon, Organist, Ralph Zellers, Boys' Leader, and David Payne, Young People's Leader—were recently introduced in the morning service by the minister, O. Herschel Folger.

Tentative Sunday evening services have been planned by the minister as follows: Missionary addresses, evangelistic services, musical programs, religious dramas, Christmas exercises, Easter drama, forums on "Why I don't Go To Church," boys in charge, girls in charge, C. E. Convention, Baccalaureates, Yearly Meeting, Institution of International Relations, and five union services.

At the minister's suggestion, the Monthly Meeting has planned special Church Night dinners for the year: Workers' reception Young People's banquet, older groups, "State Night," Women's Friendly Guild, Father and Son banquet, Mother and Daughter banquet, and programs by six Adult classes with meals furnished by special groups.

Sixteen members and attenders of Whittier Meeting attended the World Conference. Special reports were given Sunday evening, September 26, with David E. Henley in charge. J. Herschel Coffin spoke on Education, Rowland White on Service, Ruthetta White on "Women of the Conference," Homer Trueblood on "Youth," and Allen Tomlinson gave a general report. On Sunday evening, October 17, Conference reports were given by O. Herschel Folger, D. R. and Mary Marling, Rosa Lee and Olive Marshburn.

Promotion Day in the Church School was observed on September 26 with Mary Reynolds in charge of the exercises and David Henley presiding. Mary Ellen Perry represented "The Spirit of Church Growth." Dr. Herbert Francis Evans, Superintendent of the Adult department, gave plans for the coming year. One hundred and twelve children were promoted to higher departments. Eighteen received Bibles upon entrance into the Junior Department. Teachers and workers for the past year were given boutonnieres as tokens of appreciation for their services. At the end of the exercises, teachers and workers for

the coming year joined in a brief consecration service.

Joseph B. Howie, a visiting Friend from Australia, was guest speaker Sunday evening, October 10. Whittier Meeting hopes Friends from other countries will be able to stop on their way home.

During recent weeks, messages were given by Harley M. Moore, Yearly Meeting Superintendent, George Taylor, President W. O. Mendenhall, Louis T. Jones, Theodore Foxworthy, Ellis A. Wells, Herbert Francis Evans, John Oliver, retired M. E. pastor, and David Henley.

At 4:30 p. m., on October 10, an octet from the church choir, Frank Pursell, director, and O. Herschel Folger, minister, were heard over station KFWB.

An all day Missionary meeting was held at the church on October 14, with dinner served at 6:30 p. m. The after-dinner speaker was Miss Ellen Studley, a missionary for six years in North China under the M. E. Board. She teaches in a Training School for teachers of girls.

At a recent mid-week meeting a fine spiritual message was sung by a quartet composed of Howard Hockett, Herschel Coffin, Ralph Petty, and Esek Perry. Howard Hockett also led the congregational singing.

Elva Votaw Rosowski, daughter of Merritt and Anna Votaw, has recently returned to her home in Honolulu after a two months visit with her parents in Whittier.

Martha White, from Jamaica, daughter of David and Grace White, is home for a few weeks visit.

INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL CONGRESS

Under the auspices of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, in cooperation with The Church Peace Union, an excellent program has been prepared for the International Goodwill Congress to be held at Boston, Massachusetts, from November 7 to 11. The place of the meeting is the Hotel Statler. In addition to many well known authorities in this country on international affairs, some distinguished visitors from abroad will be among the speakers, including Viscount Cecil from England and C. T. Wang, Chinese Ambassador to the United States. Friends listed as speakers at the round table luncheons are Phillips Bradley and Frederick Libby.

The program is planned not only to appraise actual conditions throughout the world but to promote various constructive methods for the development of international goodwill.

The program of the Congress may be had by writing to the New York Office, 70 Fifth Avenue.

YET TRIXIE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

The taxi rolled up to 1708, New Hampshire Avenue, in the Nation's capital. The driver got out and opened the door. Out stepped "Trixie," with dignity somewhat tempered by the obvious delight of being at home. "Trixie" is the black and white dog whose home is the International Student House, and whose friends are all those who dwell therein or cross its door step. (With one exception, however—the grocery boy has never been able to win Trixie's approval.) On this particular day Trixie had followed one of the House residents to her League of Nations Association office. The taxi offered the easiest way of returning him to his home. Trixie however was merely going from one League of Nations building to another. For "Trixie's" home is a veritable league of nations.

With the re-opening of classes at the various universities, the residents in the House have become more or less permanent. During the summer a number of the young men and women who lived there were transients. In addition to the twenty regular boarders, since July first nearly one hundred people from many parts of the world have stayed for a few days or for shorter periods. But now most of those in residence will remain through the winter months.

American University has offered several scholarships this year to students from foreign countries. Two of these students, Salvador Buitarago Aja, from Nicaragua, and Jan Bezant, from Czechoslovakia, are living at the house. K. K. Lin, nephew of Lin Yutang, author of "My Country and My People," is one of the residents. From Mexico we have Eugene Ysita and Francisco Zendejis. Russia, China, England and the United States are well represented in the student body. A young Japanese student was a house guest for two or three weeks. And a Spanish girl, en route from Spain to Venezuela, lived here for two months.

Of course we have had our romances! Luigi Savelli, the Italian exchange student who was in the House all of the last year, and his bride, Nancy Hall, of Washington, sailed for Luigi's home in Rome early in July. They met one night at a forum at the House, and from then on Luigi's graduate work at the university wasn't his only occupation.

The House serves the International community in many ways. Every Sunday evening the International Club has a meeting and supper there. The Chinese Students' Club, the Japanese Club, and lately a large group of Italian-Americans have been using the House more or less regularly for discussion meetings and cultural programs.

Last week the Chinese groups in the city sponsored an address by Dr. Lin Yutang, to raise money for Chinese refugees. The House cooperated in selling tickets, turning in several hundred dollars through the efforts of many of the club members.

Who are the Quakers? What is the American Friends Service Committee? Why is this International House being promoted here in Washington? These are some of the more frequent questions one is asked, by foreign students and by local people. Trixie isn't concerned: every one is his friend. (But the grocery boy....) But we who are so closely identified with the House are deeply concerned, for constantly we see increasing opportunities for Friends to make a particular contribution to this complicated question of international relations.

MARGARET E. JONES.

AT EVENTIDE

The days begin to shorten,
The night comes on apace;
The evening lamp is early lit:
O grant us, Lord, thy grace;
Illumine with thy holy light
This place.

The days begin to shorten:
Blest be the eventide
That calls the weary wanderer home
From out the world so wide.
O come, Lord Jesus, to our house
And blessedly abide.

Whate'er the hour thou shalt come,
We'll swiftly slide the lock;
We'll know thy voice and ope
to thee;
Thou shalt no longer knock.

We wait the word that others
heard,
And for that blessing shall we sue:
At eventide, O Lord, abide,
And say, "My peace be unto you."

GLEN W. DOUGLASS.

QUAKER YOUTH CENTER ANNOUNCEMENT

The committee in charge of the Quaker Youth Center at Richmond, recently established by and for young Friends as a memorial to Carolena M. Wood, announce that in the future visitors will be particularly welcome on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons. Informal gatherings of some kind will usually be arranged on Saturdays, to which anyone interested is invited. Those wishing further information about the Center or its activities are urged to address Quaker Youth Center, 811 South A Street, Richmond, Indiana.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IS STRESSED AT WABASH

Wabash, Indiana, Friends have been placing special emphasis upon Religious Education during September and October. On September 19, Nellie D. Young, a field worker in Religious Education in Indiana, was in every service during the day and inspired us with her wonderful enthusiasm and knowledge of her work. A special forum for teachers and officers was held in the afternoon. On September 26, Promotion Exercises were held. In connection with this service pins and bars were awarded for perfect Sunday School attendance for the past year. One young man received his eighth year bar.

October 3 was Rally Day and 233 were in attendance. Special music was furnished by a quartet from North Manchester College, and a violin obligato solo was given by John Adams of Lagro.

The Ladies Aid Society and the Missionary Society have combined their meetings for the year. The program committees of both societies met and planned special devotionals and lessons for each meeting, using the regular Missionary Study Books.

On Sunday evening, October 17, William J. Sayers, Field Secretary for the Friends Publication Board of the Five Years Meeting gave us an inspiring talk on the Sunday School and its relation to the church.

HAS THE MID-WEST OFFICE BEEN BUSY!

The Mid-West Office of the American Friends Service Committee has been able to arrange meetings, teas or other outlets of expression for several visiting Friends including Shoran Singha, Paul D. Sturge, Alphons and Wiwi Paquet, Percy Bartlett, Mary Louise Moll, Siri Leander, the Douglas family from New Zealand, Nanny Johansson, and Cuthbert Wigham.

Mary Louise Moll spoke twenty-two times in various Indiana and Illinois communities under the auspices of the office, with the valuable assistance of Barbara Allee as companion.

On October 8, a Spanish dinner with Patrick Malin and Sylvester Jones netted $500 in cash and pledges for Spain. The meeting was held at Ida Noyes Hall at the University of Chicago.

James and Lucy Matchett, Homer Coppock, Lewis Taylor, Martha Balderston and Alfred Cope were Chicagoans in attendance at the regional conference held at Plainfield on the week-end of October 2. A similar conference limited to Chicago was held on October 10, at which time the World Conference was again discussed.

A short Institute of International Affairs was held under office auspices on October 15 and 16 at Springfield, Illinois, with Dr. Alva W. Taylor of Vanderbilt University, Kenneth W. Colegrove of Northwestern University, Miss Ethel Davis, Industrial Secretary of the Central Y. W. C. A. in Chicago, and Alfred Cope of the A. F. S. C. staff as faculty members.

A cooperative plan by which it is hoped that ten scholarships to the Mid-West Institute of International Relations was made at the setting-up conference for the Yearly Meeting at Spiceland. Our office is hoping to be able to work out similar arrangements for other Yearly and local meetings. The Institute will again be held at North Central College with dates established as June 20 to July 1, 1938.

WHERE TO STAY IN PARIS

Mme. Melon-Hollard and daughter Germaine (Friends), 78 rue d'Assas, Paris, 6e (opposite Luxembourg) receive paying guests. Very moderate prices.

RECENT FRIENDLY EVENTS AT MUNCIE, INDIANA

On September 27, three hundred Friends and friends gathered in the church parlors to express appreciation of the work done by Howard and Edna Cope and their family and wish them well in their new field of service at Greensboro, North Carolina. As tokens of love and respect, gifts were presented to them by the Sabbath School, Meeting and different organizations.

Armydis and Susan Sturdivant and Arend and Martha Vlaskamp were sent to the Friends World Conference as our representatives. They gave an excellent report to an attentive and appreciative audience on the evening of October 4.

On Wednesday evening, October 13, the report of Indiana Yearly Meeting was given in such a manner as to arouse more interest in our Yearly Meeting. Our delegates to this meeting were Nora Thornhill and Lillian Weed.

The Fourth Division of the Ladies Aid spent Thursday, October 7, in New Castle and enjoyed a bountiful dinner served by the New Castle Friends.

Our Missionary Society has had two meetings in the new year and we feel that this will be a great year for the Society. Our new president, Lucile Meyers, and her committee helpers are earnestly working to create more interest in this work. As a Society we are proud of our year old daughter, "Margaret Fell," the girls Missionary Society.

William J. and Flora T. Sayers were with us on October 3 and October 10. William J. Sayers preached two sermons each day, to a large audience. They were well received and appreciated.

THE WHITTIER

A Friendly Place where you will find attractive and comfortable accommodations, appetizing food, and economical rates. Fifteenth and Cherry Sts. Owned and operated by The Philadelphia Young Friends' Association. F. M. Scheibley Management. Strath Haven Inn, Swarthmore, Pa.; The Hamilton, Norristown, Pa; Chester Arms, Chester, Pa. The Whittier also has facilities for luncheons, banquets, meetings and conventions. Telephone: Rittenhouse 5850.

GOODWILL AMBASSADOR

(Continued from page 456)

French character are highly desirable. When one considers the lack of our members adequately trained in French and spiritually prepared, one appreciates the problem before the A. F. S. C. It would be better to have no one there than one temperamentally unfit, who might undo what the Harveys have so well initiated in the way of good feeling and democratic cooperation.

"I cannot close without expressing the profit which has accrued to us from the opportunity so unexpectedly opened through the American Friends Service Committee to visit France with this concern. We believe there is a good work begun there which with a little support in its initial stages will bear much fruit and make its contribution to modern Quakerism. The memory of Benezet and Grellet speaks in favor of this possibility. All Friends in France were agreed that they desire the visit of another ambassador before long to encourage them and to bring them a spiritual and intellectual message from America. They want to know us better and to be better understood by us. The expressions at the close of the Yearly Meeting when we parted from most of them, were deeply affecting."

BIRTHS

HINSHAW—To Kenneth and Thelma Macy Hinshaw, August 8, 1937, a daughter, Julia Ann.

JAY—At Jonesboro, Indiana, October 13, 1937, to Watson S. and Mildred Jay, a daughter, Linda Sue.

MILLER—To Gerald and Dorothy Jones Miller, September 2, 1937, a son, Max Gordon.

WADE—To James G. and Edith Webb Wade, Brunswick, Missouri, October 19, 1937, a son, Stephen Webb Wade.

WESTTOWN SCHOOL

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For Boys and Girls—Founded 1799

Three programs of studies meet the individual needs and abilities of pupils who wish:

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Art, music, oral expression, and manual training may be elected in all three programs. For further information about the curriculum or other phases of school life—Write

JAMES F. WALKER, *Principal*, Westtown School, Westtown, Pa.

MARRIAGES

GRIBBLE-BALDWIN—At Friends Memorial Meetinghouse, Muncie, Indiana, Sabbath morning, October 10, 1937, Pauline Baldwin, daughter of Paul and Eufratis Baldwin, to Ralph Gribble. Mearl Wilson of Bluffton, minister.

DEATHS

BARNES—At the Lawrence Home for the Aged, Lawrence, Massachusetts, August 18, 1937, Alfred Barnes. He was a faithful member of Lawrence Monthly Meeting. Funeral services were conducted at the Home and at Bellevue Cemetery by Philip W. Furnas of Guilford College, North Carolina.

COX—Nancy N. Cox, widow of the late James P. Cox, at the home of her son Webster, September 23, 1937. Born, October 13, 1859, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Newby, she spent the seventy-eight years of her life in the community just south of Jonesboro, Indiana. A birthright member of Back Creek Friends Meeting, she became, in later years, a member of Jonesboro Monthly Meeting, being a faithful and earnest supporter of that Meeting until the time of her death. Funeral services were conducted at Jonesboro Meeting, Sunday, September 26, John I. Wright in charge, assisted by Ruth Carey.

GODDARD—At her home in Methuen, Massachusetts, July 13, 1937, Annie E. (Bake) Goddard, widow of Wm. A. Goddard. She is survived by two sisters and two brothers, one son and three daughters. She was a member of Lawrence Monthly Meeting. At the funeral services, conducted at the home by James A. Coney, Superintendent of New England Yearly Meetinng. "Take time to be holy," was given as Annie E. Goddard's life message. Interment was at Bellevue Cemetery, Lawrence.

GORDON—Sarah Gordon, age ninety-five years, at the home of her son, Olin Gordon, in Gas City, Indiana, September 11, 1937. She was a lifetime resident of Gas City and a birthright member of Jonesboro Monthly Meeting and as such was a loyal and active member of that meeting, taking a keen interest in its affairs until the time of her passing. Her husband, Seth Gordon, preceded her in death several years ago. Funeral services were conducted at Jonesboro Friends Meeting, September 13, with her pastor, John I. Wright, in charge, assisted by Charles Axton.

GOULD—Mary A. Gould, formerly of East Greenwich, R. I., for twelve years a member of the Huntington Home household in Amesbury, at the age of 87. Her early life was marked by her missionary and temperance zeal; her later life by her radiance. On October second the funeral was held at the Home with her remaining sister, Lydia S. Gould, and nephews in attendance. Interment was at Amesbury, A. Edward Kelsey, minister in attendance.

WINSLOW—Jonathan Winslow at Marshalltown, Iowa, September 2, 1937. He was born January 22, 1863, at Jonesboro, Indiana. Funeral services were conducted by Rosa Harding assisted by his pastor, Carl D. Byrd.

LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Visitors are invited to attend the following Meetings. The names and addresses of Friends coming to Chicago should be sent to Milton H. Hadley or Garfield V. Cox, whose addresses appear below.

Chicago Monthly Meeting. South Side meeting at 66th Place and Blackstone. (6620 South and 1436 East) Bible School at ten, meeting for worship at eleven. Jackson Park "L" to Dorchester, east one block, then south. Milton H. Hadley, minister, 6020 Ingleside, telephone Fairfax 6641.

Evanston Meeting. Maple and Greenleaf, Evanston. One block east of Ridge Boulevard, two blocks north of Main Street. Bible School at nine-forty-five, meeting for worship, eleven. Milton H. Hadley, minister.

57th Street Monthly Meeting—1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for Worship 10:45. Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. Garfield V. Cox, Clerk, 5700 Blackstone Avenue, Telephone Dorchester 7627.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting, Eden and Donohue Sts. Take either car 55 or 78 to University Ave., then walk east three blocks. Bible School, 9:45, and Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Robert M. Jones, Pastor, 125 East University Ave.

DENVER, COLORADO

Friends Meeting, 4100 Shoshone St. Worship 11:00 a. m., Church School, 9:00 a. m. Visiting Friends call Cecil E. Hinshaw, Minister, 4150 Vallejo St., Phone Gallup 8138W.

The American Friend

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave., in Noble School Bldg. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then two blocks north. Bible School, 10 a. m., Meeting for Worship 11 a. m. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to J. Edgar Williams, Pastor, 11832 Ohio Ave. Phone, Hogarth 0624.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—"Hub of the South-East"

First Friends Church, 2100 Washington Ave. Bible School, 9.30. Christian Endeavor, 6:30. Meetings for Worship, 10:45 and 7:30. Mid-week meeting, Wednesday, 7:30. "Our latch string is always out." E. K. Coggins, Clerk, 345 East Oklahoma Ave.. Phone 2-2781. Arthur Santmier, Minister, 713 Polk St., Phone 2-9384.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Friends Church, 1st Avenue So. at 14th Street. Bible School at 11:45 a. m. Meeting for Worship at 10:30 a. m. Pastor, H. Millard Jones, 135 East 37th Street.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Grammercy Park Meeting, 144 East 20th Street, Manhattan. Brooklyn Meeting, Lafayette and Washington Avenues. Meetings for worship First Day at 11 o'clock. Visitors welcome.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Friends Memorial Church, 23rd Avenue and East Spruce Street. Meeting for Worship 11 a. m. Pastor, William J. Murphy, 2315 East Spruce Street.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends, affiliated with Five Years Meeting, 13th and Irving Streets, N. W.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m.; Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Visitors welcome.

Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave., one block from Conn. Ave. Meeting for Worship First-day at 11:00 o'clock, First-day school at 9:45. Friends and others interested are cordially invited.

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For information about the course of study, tuition rate, scholarships, etc., address:

GEORGE A. WALTON, *Principal*, Box 351, George School, Pa.